

# THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME VI, NO. 2

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

DECEMBER 1937



**10 SUPERB COLOUR PLATES**

*and 8-page Photogravure Supplement illustrating*

**Tibet Today** by Sir Frederick O'Connor

*also articles by*

LOUIS GOLDING  
PATRICK BALFOUR  
MICHAEL LANGLEY  
VISCOUNT KELBURN

**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER • 144 PAGES •**



# See Egypt's splendour and mystery by a Nile Voyage



Cairo to Aswan and back	£60 (20 days)
Single journey either way	£35 (10 days)
Aswan-Halfa (2nd Cataract and back)	£25 (7 days)
*Asyut-Aswan and back	£50 (14 days)
*Single journey either way	£27.10 (7 days)
*By s.s. Delta, Feb. 3 and 17 only.	

## COOKS

Of all that Egypt has to offer, perhaps the most spectacular and vivid is a Nile voyage. Gliding along in luxurious ease aboard your steamer, you come upon one after another of the splendours and treasures of ancient Egypt. The hand of history has touched all these monuments — tombs, temples, sphinxes, pyramids — where now lie 'forgotten Pharaohs in their long repose.'

What will particularly attract the visitor whose time is limited is the 'one way' Nile voyage. This can be accomplished in 10 days and costs only £35. On board, travelling with you, you will have the ever courteous dragomans your faithful guides and mentors, and frequent halts are called for shore excursions.

All the prices mentioned here are inclusive. They cover travel, meals, service, accommodation, and sightseeing. You will find full particulars of places visited, and other interesting information in Cook's folder, 'The Nile Voyage'.

THOS. COOK & SON LTD., BERKELEY ST., LONDON, W.1 & BRANCHES



# Malta

by MICHAEL LANGLEY

*Though Malta is so near, by comparison with other parts of the Empire, to the British Isles, and though it is familiar to many members of the fighting services, its attractions are little known to the general public. As Mr Langley's article shows, the resources of Malta in archaeological, historical, architectural and scenic interest are sufficient to merit far greater attention than it now receives from those whose purses enable them to winter in climates warmer than our own*

MALTA is foremost a naval base, its creeks and harbours providing an ideal peacetime haven, a port for refitment and a shelter for warships from sea, if not from air attack. New weapons, new political alignments may change the terms of the strategic equation; but the convenience of Malta to the British navy is inherent in its place on the map and in the facilities which it affords for patrolling the arterial trade-route to India and the Far East. Roughly half-way from Suez to Gibraltar, it occupies a commanding position in the narrow bottle-neck between Sicily and Tripoli which divides the Mediterranean into two main basins; while its natural advantages as a naval base are rivalled, in the whole of that sea, only by those of the Boka Kotorska on the Dalmatian coast.

Even the most casual visitor cannot fail to envisage the island in terms of its naval importance. As he enters the Grand Harbour of Valletta, the grey, defensive

bastions rising sheer remind him with what labour and energy La Vallette and his men worked to construct this formidable system of ramparts after the Turkish siege of 1565. He is confronted by a maze of creeks, protected by the great lunging fortress of St Angelo, and by warships of all shapes and sizes, with gaily painted *dghaisias* bobbing beneath their hulls. A day ashore will but serve to confirm this impression, for he will encounter everywhere the officers and men of His Majesty's Navy, whether he is jolted through the narrow streets of Valletta in a *carrozzin* or hauled in a lift up two hundred feet of cliff to the Upper Barracca Gardens.

'Sailors love the place; returning to it from a cruise is like returning home. Expressly calculated for our wishes, our follies, our wants, all enjoy it, from the captain down to the cabin-boy. Balls are gay, dinner parties are numerous, horses



Stanford, London.





Michael Langley

*Dghaisias hauled ashore in a creek of the Grand Harbour, with two visiting Turkish destroyers*



*A group of Turkish sailors at one of the main entrances to Valletta, beneath a statue of La Vallette, who defended the city against the Turkish invasion of 1565. 371 years later the Turks entered the city—*



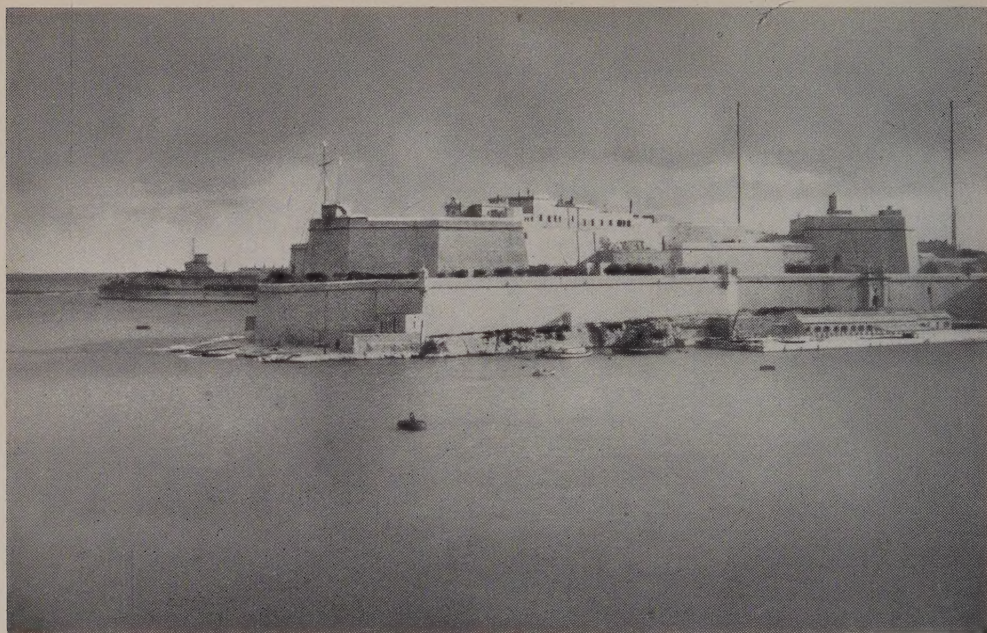
*Michael Langley*



*Michael Langley*

*—as friendly visitors, when their fleet was entertained at Malta. Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, Commander-in-Chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet, descends the gangway of the Yavuz, formerly the German battle-cruiser Goeben and now the Turkish flagship*





Michael Langley

*The Castel St Angelo crowns the spur of Vittoriosa, so called because it was here that the victorious Knights repulsed the Turkish assault. It ranks today as a warship, exactly similar discipline and routine being maintained within its walls*

are fleet, wine is cheap, grog is plentiful . . . the ship lies near the shore.'

That was written by a naval officer more than one hundred years ago. The same is true today. The bluejacket comes ashore to stretch his legs and to relax. The quarter-deck play tennis or watch the horse-racing at Marsa, a course laid out in 1868, one which perpetuates a sport introduced to Malta even before Charles II rode out to Newmarket.

At the Union and Sliema Clubs, at Kalafrana and St Andrew's Barracks, at Admiralty House receptions and, during the winter, at an Opera House extravagantly built in the Corinthian style of architecture, the naval officer meets his opposite numbers in the locally stationed units of the Army and Air Force. He reports from time to time at the Castile, completed under Grand Master Pinto, whose bust adorns the ornate lintel. This

polished successor of the valiant La Vall-ette extended his patronage to an Italian dramatist who, in 1760, wrote: 'War is by nature boastful and devastating [*turgida e vorace*], its events injurious to both victors and conquered'.

Such words are treated with reserve in Malta, for the island has usually prospered in times of war. Ever since the Crimean Expedition a greater concentration of spending power has marked periods of restlessness in the Mediterranean; and to whoever else they may have blown harm, the Maltese trader has encountered no ill wind in the 'breezes' that stirred these waters following Italy's Abyssinian campaign and are likely to persist so long as the Spanish conflict continues.

Mainly as a result of these hostilities British naval activity in the Mediterranean has greatly increased and the fleet movements which focus on Malta have been



ceaseless. Part of the Fleet may be called off in the direction of Spain or be sent on an autumn cruise of the Greek and Adriatic ports. Part may be detailed to go down to Suez or along the west coast of Asia Minor and up to the mouth of the Golden Horn. Scores of destroyers, with their red-ringed funnels, lie ready for emergency in Sliema Creek; the larger vessels of 30,000 tons or more have their berths in the Grand Harbour. The area around Malta provides a theatre for manœuvres and flights from the decks of aircraft carriers; the little island of Filfla is a target practised upon with live bombs; protected by a breakwater, the bay at Marsaxlokk is regarded as the makings of a first-class seaplane base. Now, as before

the last war, agreement is found with the view that 'the value of Malta to the British Navy is of a permanent character'.

Geological as well as geographical factors have determined the naval value of the island. Malta is the crest of a submarine ridge linking Sicily with the African coast. The suggestion is that at one time the European and African continents were joined with Malta, the summit of the ridge, a gently tilted tableland. On the west and south shores the cliffs rise sheer to a height of 400 feet, dropping away to the north and south-east of the highest point (700 feet) near to Notabile—dropping, too, to the rugged north-facing coastline, where a succession of creeks and inlets are swept in winter by prevailing



Michael Langley

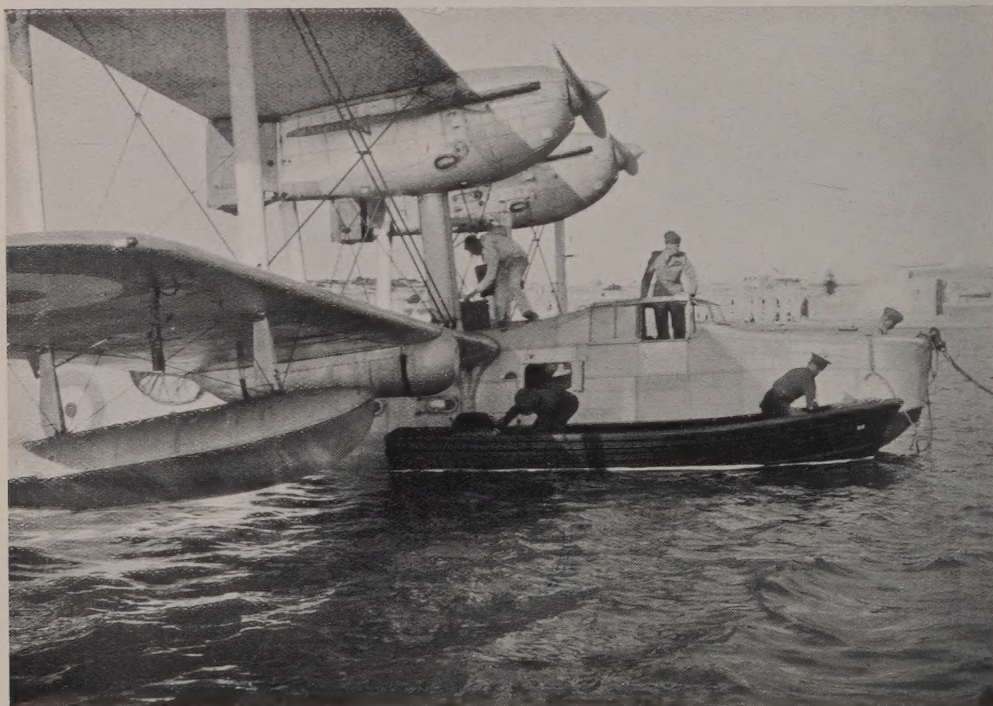
*Disraeli remarked that there was something suggestive of Venice about the creeks and waterways of the Grand Harbour. The resemblance is perhaps most noticeable on the Vittoriosa side of the harbour where the dghaisias wait alongside steps and jetties*





*Times of Malta*

*'Malta is foremost a naval base', and its many inlets are seldom empty of warships. Destroyers lie ready for emergency in Sliema Creek, flanking the north-west shore of Valletta*



*Michael Langley*

*Seaplanes are based on Marsaxlokk Bay, also used by Italian air-liners en route for Tripoli*





*Times of Malta*

*'The quarter-deck . . . watch the horse-racing at Marsa', where few handicaps are won by jockeys so old as Colonel Butler, aged 78, one of the veterans of the English colony in Malta*



*Times of Malta*

*The lower deck, on shore leave after 4 p.m., fraternize happily with members of other services*





E. B. Grenfell

*Malta's busy trade, depending mainly on its naval importance, centres in the inner creeks of the Grand Harbour*



northerly winds, but in June, July and August record a sea temperature of approximately 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

These inlets, ranging from the complex waterways of the Grand Harbour at Valletta to the broad sweep of Mellieha Bay in the north, had been taking shape as possible havens and refuges for boats during many aeons before the arrival of man in Malta. Throughout this development they have shown a tendency to increase in size with the action of the sea on a soft crust of limestone, stratified into five layers and subsiding one foot every hundred years. They attracted the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs and most of the Latin peoples in turn. They moved Napoleon to say: 'I would rather see my enemies on the heights of Montmartre than in Malta'. And latterly they have provided excellent accommodation for the British Mediterranean Fleet.

What material return do the Maltese receive for the occupation of their island? Some indication is given by the fact that Malta, which is only 95 square miles in extent, together with the neighbouring island of Gozo (26 square miles) supports a population of 256,000. Thickest around Valletta and Vittoriosa, where the business and dockyard communities are concentrated, and in residential Sliema, the Maltese people are very largely engaged in the distributive trades, handling a flow of imports which in the last four years was worth £14,000,000, as against an export trade of one-tenth that value. Thus the highest general standard of living of any Mediterranean island is maintained almost entirely on invisible exports, in which the expenditure of wages and salaries derived from Government sources is the main element.

Livestock comes from Balkan countries, butter and cheese from New Zealand and Italy and grain from Australia and Canada. Brazilian coffee, Egyptian eggs, Dutch condensed milk, olive oil from Tunis, cigarettes and spirits from England, Greek

and Italian wines, Yugoslav cement and timber, Japanese and German hardware, Rumanian petrol and a mass of other goods compose a list of imports in which Italy, Germany and Holland stand high, with the United Kingdom at the top.

In Valletta the Maltese and a few Indian shopkeepers are none of them established in premises large enough to be called a 'store'. Shipping offices and agencies are usually found on the first floor of houses whose shop fronts obscure the original style of baroque architecture from passers-by on the street level. Business accounts show an accumulation of profits which tend, in the absence of any large local medium for investment, to lie idle or to go into property and the construction of unattractive little villas which bear no comparison with the older houses and palaces of Valletta and do not pretend to do so under such names as 'Sailor Boy', 'Sea Nymph', 'Joy Stick' and even 'Bomb Rack'.

The baroque flamboyance of the more notable buildings of Malta is to be attributed partly to the soft limestone, so easily worked that it is cut, almost like butter, from the coralline matrix, partly to the industry of the Knights of St John, whose occupation of the island extended over a period when baroque was flourishing. The influence of the Knights in Malta has been memorable. 'The little rock of Malta,' wrote Gibbon, 'has emerged under the government of its military order into fame and opulence.'

Before the advent of the Knights, Malta was the victim of a succession of conquerors, most of whom contributed nothing to its prosperity, since they regarded it merely as a *place d'armes* or as a pawn in the diplomatic game. From the hands of the Byzantines—whose rule was interrupted by Vandal and Gothic invasions—it passed into those of the Saracen corsairs, of Count Roger of Sicily, of the German Emperor, of Charles of Anjou, and of the house of Aragon. Alfonso of Aragon





E. B. Grenfell

*Many buildings in the grand baroque manner, such as the Selmun Palace, bear witness to the opulence that Malta enjoyed during its occupation by the Knights of St John*

mortgaged it in 1420 for 30,000 gold florins; and his successor in title, the Emperor Charles V, transferred it finally in 1530 to the Order of St John of Jerusalem, as an alternative stronghold to Rhodes, whence the Knights had been driven out by the Turks in 1523.

Thereafter the name of Malta was spread throughout Christendom by the perpetual war that successive Grand Masters waged on the Moslems. Its wealth was accumu-

lated from religious institutions in France, Italy, Spain, Bavaria and England, subscriptions reaching their peak in the eighteenth century, by which time the mediaeval function of the Order, a link with the Crusades, had virtually lapsed. Decadence had overtaken it and soon the belligerent powers in the Napoleonic Wars were sweeping down upon this vital strategic island of the Middle Sea.

First came Bonaparte, who took it from





*Michael Langley*

*A striking example of the baroque style favoured by the Knights is this arch carrying part of the Valletta water supply, conveyed by an ancient stone aqueduct from the hills round Rabat*



*The Auberge of Castile and Leon, associated with the Spanish section of the Knights, was completed in 1744 under the direction of Grand Master Pinto. Here the activities of the Navy, Army and Air Force are now co-ordinated*

*E. B. Grenfell*





Richard Ellis

*The Royal Opera House in Valletta was built to the designs of Charles Barry in the 1860's. Performances are given regularly throughout the winter season*

the Knights in 1798. A siege of two years was successfully laid by the British admirals against the French, garrisoned on the heights of Valletta; and the seal was set to British occupation in 1814 by the Treaty of Paris, Article 7 declaring that 'the Island of Malta and its dependencies shall belong in full right and sovereignty to His Britannic Majesty'.

The new administration was welcomed after the depredations and sufferings of the Napoleonic campaign. Vanishing treasure, dwindling supplies of corn, failing health and a growing anxiety as to what might befall them with the dispersion of the Knights had brought the people of the island readily into line with proposals to make a British naval base of it. Government secretaries came out from Whitehall, among them the poet Coleridge, who in

the year of Trafalgar was often signing documents at the rate of 150 a day. In the same rooms in the Governor's Palace in Valletta his successors now occupy themselves in somewhat similar manner, their declared aim also similar—to nourish a proper *Melitensium Amor*.

Directly and indirectly this is done by advice and help, given when needed to Maltese officials engaged in their various capacities in all the usual departments of trade, health, education and public works. There exist no municipal bodies, and responsibility in all matters of social services and legislation rests with the Valletta administration, a government of Crown Colony status controlled by a Governor (Sir Charles Bonham-Carter) and an executive council.

The government servant tells you of



the new Guardamanga hospital, costing £272,000 and in course of construction just outside the walls of Valletta; of the plans for a pasteurization plant where goats' milk is to be treated and distributed from a hygienic centre instead of from animals straddled on customers' doorsteps; of trade development by holding local exhibitions of Maltese-made tobacco pipes, lace and linen, beer, pottery and buttons, the latter a new industry utilizing the hard, imported South American corozo nut.

The difficulties of giving the fullest support to public services in the absence of any income tax and with a revenue of little more than one million pounds annually are emphasized. Still, there is a fish market going up, a new breakwater for the embarkation of passengers on the Gozo ferry, new schools, £300,000 a year to support education and charitable institutions and to satisfy the local demand, recognized by Lady Strickland, who is largely financing a new first-class hotel, that more should be spent on attracting to Malta a bigger volume of tourist traffic.

The revenue and expenditure tables show some unusual items, he admits. £2000 goes every year on a subsidy for the local opera; against that a steady £50,000 profit from a weekly public lotto, the only government lottery in the British Empire. It is, too, the fate of a tiny exposed island of naval importance that civic defence should involve a partial charge on the community. 250,000 people must each have a gas mask in government storage. So compact a population has its disadvantages, though it assuredly gains when it comes to the delivery of local letters and postcards at one halfpenny and a farthing.

And what a babel it all is with the language question only just straightening itself out after 130 years of cultural live-and-let-live. Earlier British governments did not need to trouble themselves

with a problem to which the increasing prosperity under their rule has chiefly given rise. It was the spread of education that made it necessary to disentangle a confusion of languages which dates back far beyond the period of the Knights of St John. They solved their own linguistic problems by dividing up into seven *auberges*, according to whether they spoke German, Spanish, French, Italian or English. Italian, then, has long been one of the languages of a small aristocracy of whom twenty-eight titled families, recognized by a Royal Commission of 1887, still remain. A knowledge of Italian also became essential to the profession of the law when, towards the end of the 18th century, it replaced Latin as the language of the courts; and its footing in educated society was for generations undisputed. But it is recorded that in 1836 Italian was spoken 'with correctness and fluency' by only one-thirtieth of the population; and the Royal Commission which was appointed by the Labour Government in 1931 reported that 'Italian is not known by the majority of the people', while 'Maltese is the language of most of the sermons, in the shops, markets, streets and public meetings, on election platforms and in a growing vernacular press'.

For a time, attempts were made to impose Italian as well as English upon pupils to whom both languages were equally strange when they first went to school; and until quite recently the practice existed—even as regards criminal cases—of conducting in Italian the trial of a person who understood only Maltese. But the difficulties of trilingualism in the schools and law courts were too great to be perpetuated, and they were overcome by the Letters Patent issued in 1932. Provision was made that instead of both English and Italian, only English should be taught in future in the elementary schools in addition to Maltese; that English and Maltese should be the media of instruction, and that trials in the criminal courts in cases



*Evidence of crowding in the poorer quarters of Valletta may be observed, especially on washing day, when the narrow streets are festooned with garments. Their inhabitants find employment mainly in the naval and commercial dockyards*

ael Langley



Michael Langley



*Small though its area, Malta has considerable resources in foodstuffs. A scene near Taxbiex (pronounced Tashbiesh) characteristic of the Maltese shores, where many varieties of fish abound, including the prickly 'sea-eggs', and fishing is virtually an obsession*



*Favoured by the Mediterranean climate, the Maltese farmer works a rotation of three crops a year. Many of the farm workers have been to Australia, where such industrious and adaptable settlers are welcomed*



*Michael Langley*

*Michael Langley*

*Three years' supply of grain can be stored in the underground granaries of Malta. Those in the Floriana suburb of Valletta consist of dry wells 25 feet deep, concreted round the sides, over which hoists are rigged as the need arises*







*E. B. Grenfell*

*A scene near Dingli on the southern, cliff-girt coast of Malta, showing the terraces which maintain the shallow topsoil, augmented by wind-blown dust from North Africa*



*E. B. Grenfell*

*Diligently cultivated, it has supported the ancestors of the Maltese since the Stone Age, of which many well-preserved remains are found in the island. Among these are the megalithic temples of Hagiar Kim*





*Malta abounds in goats, which are the chief source of milk for local consumption. Hygienic distribution will shortly be ensured by a new government pasteurization plant*

*E. B. Grenfell*



where the accused are of British or Maltese origin should be conducted respectively in the English or Maltese languages instead of in Italian.

So it was with street names, the English 'road', 'avenue', 'lane' and 'alley' and the Maltese 'triek' and 'skak' appearing at every corner in place of 'strada', 'via' or 'vicolo'. Some translated in an amusing way, such as 'Witch Alley' and 'Jesuits' Junction'. And in lately built areas there was often the need for a quite new name:

In exercise of the powers vested in the head of the Government, by Article 11 of the Police Laws, His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to approve that the new street between Strada Magri and Vicolo San Tommaso, Hamrun, be named:

Butterfly Street (Eng.): Triek il-Farfett (M.).

As to the ultimate sources of the Maltese language, there is much dispute; certainly, however, it may be traced to the remote ties of the Maltese with Northern Africa. For two centuries prior to the arrival of Roger the Norman in Malta (1090) the island had been under the Saracenic yoke. Any previous tendency to speak a language of Phoenician origin was lost under the influence of the Arabs whose descendants in Tripoli and Alexandria understand well the native Maltese dialect, spoken by most of the islanders to this day.

Yet there is no trace of any racial affinity between the Maltese and the African peoples. The true native is thick-set and broad in features, of a type which, it is generally believed, is in direct descent from the Stone Age inhabitants of the island. Professor Ugolini's theory is that a small neolithic civilization radiated from Malta perhaps 10,000 years ago—certainly before the Bronze Age of Crete. For *ex oriente lux* Ugolini substituted *ex medio lux* and pointed to the megalithic temples of Mnajdra and Hagiar Kim, to the extensive remains at Tarxien and to the Hypogeum, an underground system of vaults which is thought to have served in primitive times either as a temple, a seminary or a resort in

which to consult the oracle. Subsequently it was used as a burial pit.

The island is indeed astonishingly rich in Stone Age relics, many of them well preserved. Their age, though, may have been somewhat exaggerated, for they are more credibly explained as an indication of the persistence of Stone Age economy long after the Bronze Age had dawned in central Europe and traces of earlier habitations were elsewhere wearing thin.

— Among those prehistoric communities there was, however, founded the main occupation, persisting to this day in Malta, especially in the villages. The fertile soil has been diligently cultivated and agriculture has flourished since the earliest times. The worker on the land, the fisherman, the local priest and a sprinkling of the descendants of a mediaeval aristocracy form the hard, almost feudal, core of a people who have always had to look outwards, taking in as paying guests the foreign power which can make greatest use of the resources and geographical advantages of the island.

The mess rooms of the British Fleet and the galleys of five million tons of shipping calling at Malta every year consume a lion's share of the locally grown fruits and vegetables. Underground granaries at Floriana, a wide *agora* of stone setts and circular discs placed on top of holes over which hoists are rigged, provide storage for three years' supply of wheat. Cumin seed and surplus potatoes are shipped abroad, but there is no longer any appreciable amount of cotton (8000 lb. of lint in 1935), though until the end of the American Civil War it was grown over an area of one-third of Malta's cultivable 48,000 acres for export and for making sail-cloth in Valetta. The carob and the prickly pear yield prolifically their rather inferior fruits and increasing quantities of oranges, lemons and grapefruits reach maturity in early January.

It is not an easy life for the Maltese farmer; even his Sunday best is a waistcoat



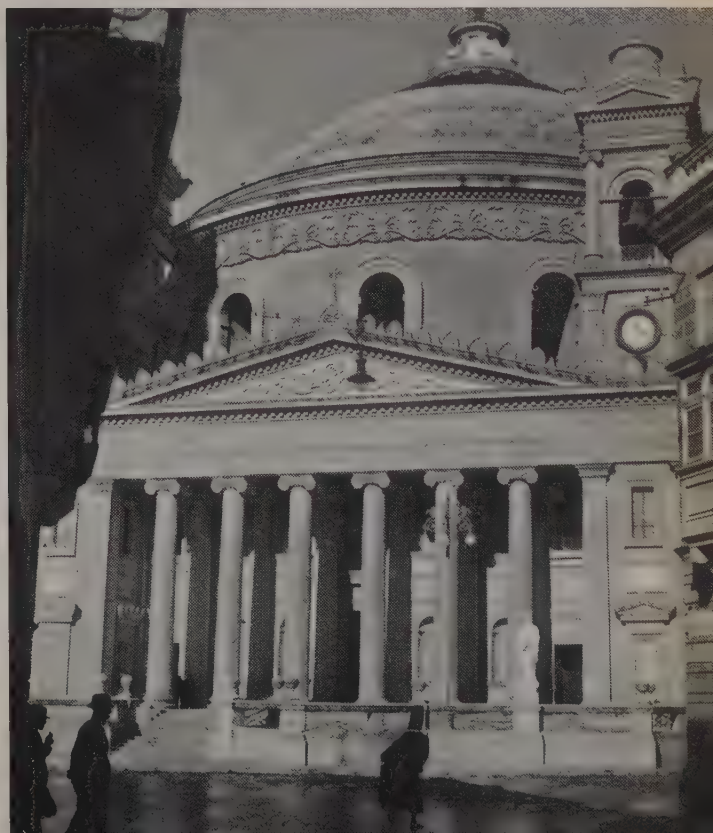


*Times of Malta*

*E. B.*

*Every possible occasion of religious significance is seized in Malta to display the emblems and ritual of the Roman Catholic faith, nowhere more supreme than in this stronghold of the Church*

*Vast sums are expended on the maintenance and construction of religious edifices: a recent item was £5000 for coating with gold leaf the interior of the dome of Musta Church, 118 feet in diameter*







*On the bastion*

*Michael Langley*

and shirt-sleeves. He has few draft animals, virtually no pasture or trees. A share of his produce is claimed by the landowner, a handsome tithe goes to the church; for he comes of that tradition which demanded overlords to act as intermediaries in an earthly destiny controlled by kings, and a church to intercede for him before the Almighty.

Indeed, with one priest to every hundred islanders, there can be few places where the church still holds such undisputed sway. More, perhaps, than any other community are the Maltese united in reverent submission to its behests. Their devotion is shown in frequent *festas* and

religious processions and in such pious acts as the recent adornment with gold leaf of Musta dome, the fourth largest in the world, with a diameter ten feet greater than that of St Paul's.

Were that saint to revisit the island today—by design this time, not accident, for he could hardly escape the attention of the shipping agencies—he would doubtless derive satisfaction from the religious zeal of its inhabitants. Less satisfactory, however, might it be to find his own particular fountain, traditionally sacred, marked 'Unfit for Drinking Purposes', and down the road the door standing open on 'St Paul's Shipwreck Tavern'.







The Potala is not only the Dalai Lama's official residence; its walls also enclose certain government offices





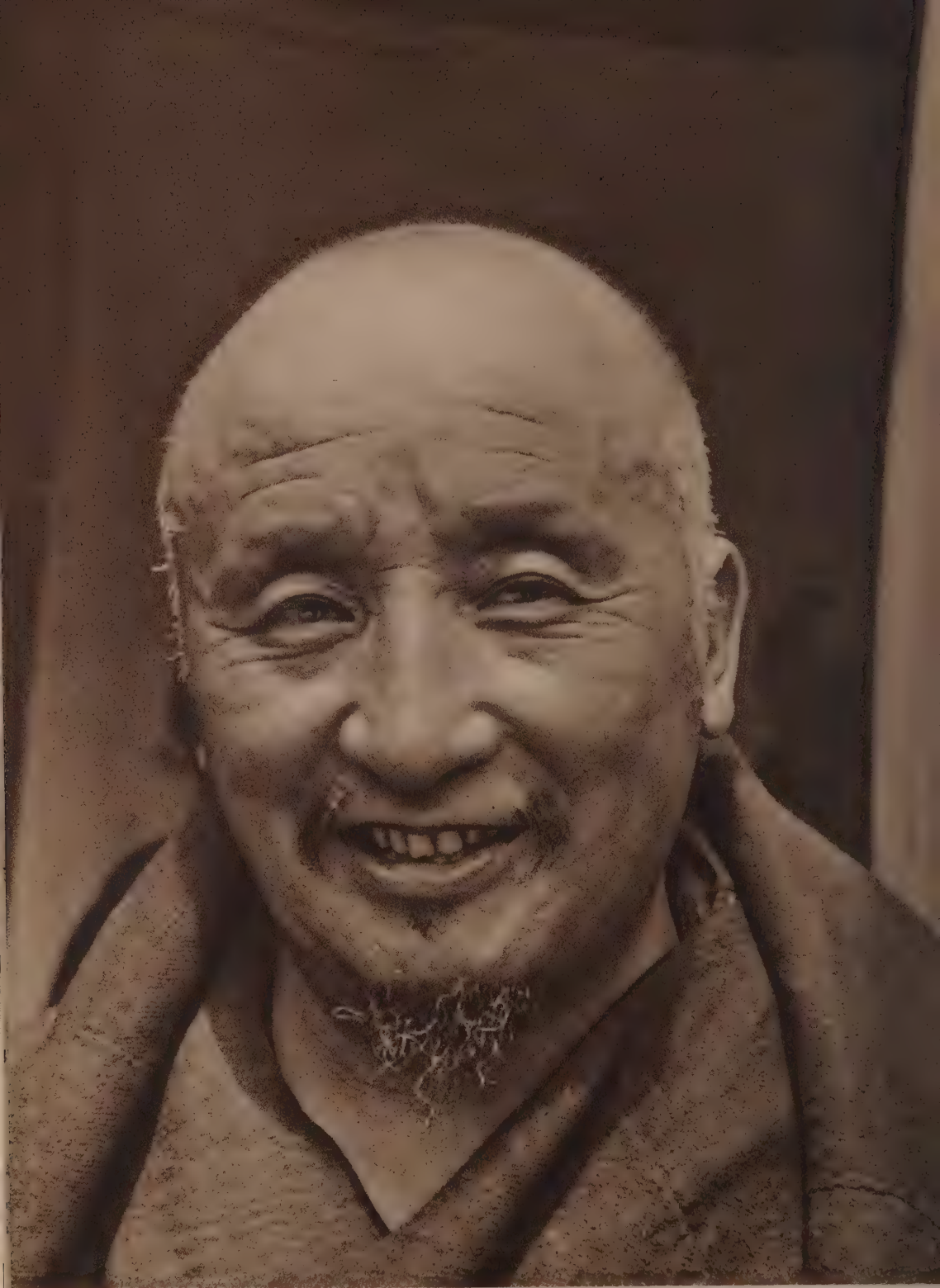


The Regent, when on tour, is accompanied by a mounted procession which includes a group of standard-bearers





Cockle caps, turquoise ornaments and coats of heavy brocade denote junior officials in the same procession



*Brig.-Gen. Philip Nea*

A genial Abbot of Drepung, the largest monastery in the world, containing 7,700 monks





Orbhü Dzasa, British Trade Agent at Yatung, who acted as interpreter to the British Mission *Brig.-Gen. Philip Neame*



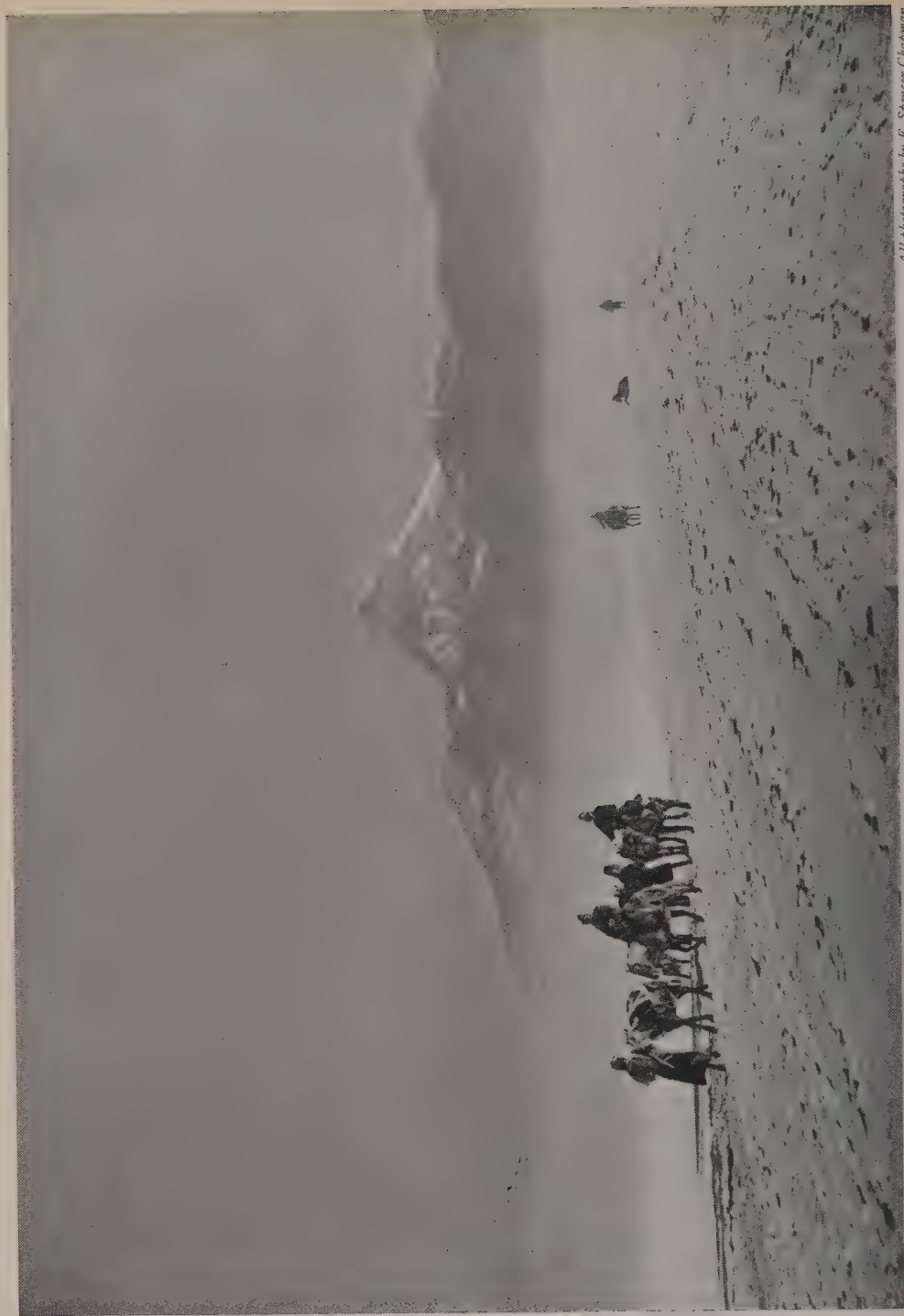
Examples of Tibetan decorative art. A detail of a carved and lacquered gateway in the Dalai Lama's summer palace; and two trumpet-stands with conventional skeletons as the basis of their design

*F. Spencer Chapman*









All photographs by F. Spencer Chapman

*The road to Lhasa runs past the 24,000-ft. peak of Chomolhari, near the head of the Chumbi Valley*





*Many natural obstacles make the way hard: deep snow in winter, the flooded Brahmaputra (here seen near its junction with the Kyi Chu) in summer, and high passes where transport depends—*



*—on yaks, which travel easily over ground too rough for ponies or mules*



*Official travellers are greeted at every village by local headmen with presents of dried sheep, well-matured eggs, and peas as fodder for the animals. The houses of stone and mud all face south and enclose, with their outbuildings, a central courtyard*





grimage to Buddh Gaya and other places sacred to Buddhism, and met our late King George and Queen Mary (then Prince and Princess of Wales), the Viceroy, Lord Minto, and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener. He returned to Tibet after a successful tour.

But all this—our intervention in Tibet, the conclusion of a treaty direct with the Tibetan Government, the friendly feelings with which the Tibetans generally now regarded us, and the Tashi Lama's visit to India—was gall and wormwood to the Chinese, who saw their immemorial influence in Tibet in danger of subversion, and were determined at all costs to reinstate themselves in a country which they had for centuries claimed as being under their suzerainty, and reimpose their authority.

The ink was scarcely dry on the treaty before they set themselves to accomplish these objects. In 1906 they despatched a special envoy of high rank to Lhasa via India and the Chumbi Valley, who took pains during his journey and after his arrival to assert himself as a plenipotentiary of the Suzerain Power, and to disparage the British officials and influence in every way he could; while in the eastern marches of Tibet, where this wild undemarcated no-man's-land borders on the provinces of Kansu, Szechuan and Yunnan, an organized campaign was set in motion to subdue these semi-independent districts, which, although ethnologically Tibetan, have for centuries been in dispute as between China and Tibet.

To describe fully the progress of events in this region would require maps and much tedious detail: those who are interested in its geographical, ethnographical and political features will find them fully described in Sir Eric Teichman's *Travels of a Consular Officer in Eastern Tibet*. It will be enough here to say that under the leadership of a strong and ambitious General, Chao-erh-Feng by name, the Chinese troops gradually moved westwards,

meeting with only a faint and sporadic resistance, and made themselves masters of large areas of country, much of it owing previous allegiance to Lhasa. General Chao was a formidable and relentless conqueror, and he spared neither monks nor laymen. Several great monasteries which opposed him were besieged and captured, and the monks ruthlessly slaughtered, while any petty chieftains who failed to submit were banished or executed.

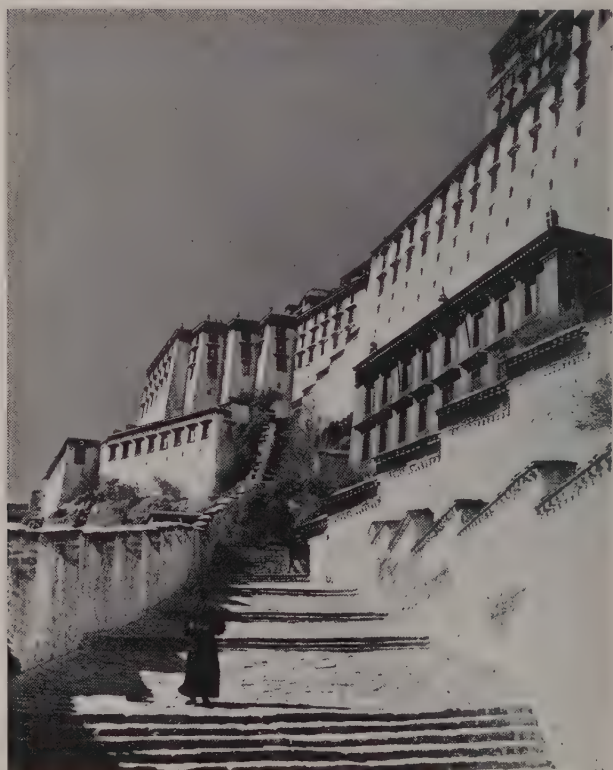
It was while this campaign was still in progress that the Dalai Lama, with the permission of the Chinese Government, decided to return to his own country. He left Peking in December 1908, and after a long and circuitous journey he arrived at Lhasa in December 1909. He found his capital and his country in the throes of anxiety and apprehension regarding the Chinese menace, which he was powerless to avert. These apprehensions were well justified. Less than two months after his return, about the middle of February 1910, the advance guard of the Chinese force actually entered the capital, and, fearing for his personal liberty and safety, the Lama again took the desperate resolve to flee.

On the night following the arrival of the Chinese he rode out secretly in the darkness, but this time he headed, not to the north, but southwards towards India. His guards, only some 200 to 300 in number, were left to protect the crossing of the Brahmaputra, where they succeeded in checking the pursuit of the Chinese soldiers, while the Lama, with a small following of high officials and attendants, pushed rapidly across the wild and mountainous country, and finally arrived safely in the Chumbi Valley. Thence after a brief halt he continued his journey into Sikkim and so to Darjeeling, where he was given harbourage and hospitality by the Indian Government. And either here or at Kalimpong he remained till his return to Tibet in 1912.

The flight of the Dalai Lama left the



*The Turquoise Bridge, roofed with greenish-blue glazed tiles, lies between the city of Lhasa and the Potala, visible in the background*



*Here the treaty resulting from the Younghusband Mission was signed in 1904. Most of the building, impressively bold in design, probably dates from the 17th century*





*On the roof of the cathedral at Lhasa: participants in an autumn ceremony*

Chinese, ostensibly at any rate, masters of the situation in Tibet, and they proceeded to exploit it to their hearts' content. A decree was issued deposing the Dalai Lama (to which, by the way, the Tibetans paid not the slightest attention), and the Chinese asserted what was practically a sovereignty over the country where before they could claim only a very vague suzerainty.

But their triumph did not last long. The death of the old Empress in November 1908 had left a weakened throne, and China was soon in the throes of a revolution. Disorder rapidly spread throughout the Empire, and towards the end of 1911 the Chinese troops in Lhasa mutinied and found themselves leaderless in a strange land far from home. They were gradually disarmed and the bulk of them were allowed to proceed peaceably to Chumbi, whence in due course they were repatriated via India, and a few months later it was considered safe for the Dalai Lama to return to Lhasa. He arrived back in June 1912 to the delight of his subjects, and continued to rule his people in security until his passing away in 1933.

The Chinese encroachments had been definitely checked, and though some further disturbances took place later in Eastern Tibet, a *modus vivendi* was in due course arrived at, and a provisional agreement accepted by both parties as to the disputed boundaries and the allegiance of the petty chiefs in that wild and difficult area.

Only one untoward circumstance marked this long period of security: the unfortunate friction which arose between the two great Lamas. Lhasa has always been rather suspicious of the power and prerogatives of the Tashi Lama, his little court at Tashi Lhunpo and his rule over certain adjacent districts; and there was some not unnatural jealousy between two dignitaries, each claiming and exercising a divine influence and authority. But whatever may be the rights or wrongs of the

story, it culminated in the Tashi Lama in his turn taking alarm and fleeing from his country, towards the end of December 1923. He, too, started off secretly with a few followers, and for reasons of his own decided to follow the course of the Dalai Lama's first flight into Mongolia, and thence later to China. Here, and on the borders, he has remained ever since, and we have only recently learned that he now proposes to return to Tibet.

Such is the curious and almost incredible story of the wanderings of these two semi-divine figures, these mystical emanations of divinity visiting our world in human guise, the very last persons, one would have thought, ever to give up their cloistered lives and their worshipping subjects; and yet driven by some malign fate over the wastes of Central Asia or the loftiest passes of the Himalayas to seek shelter among foreigners far from their native land.

This, in brief, is the outline of the main events in the history of Tibet from 1904 to the present day. In the internal administration of the country there has been progress without fundamental change. A telegraph line has been erected between Lhasa and Gyantse, where it connects with India and so with the outer world; the army has been equipped and modernized, and there is an electric light installation at Lhasa. But these are only surface changes; Tibet still remains very much as we knew it thirty-odd years ago, a mediaeval anachronism in a modern world. Writing of it in those far-off days I compared Tibet with Europe of the Middle Ages, and the comparison, in the main, still holds good. Just as in mediaeval Europe, we see a country dominated by two main influences: feudalism and monasticism. Certain noble families own large landed properties and have a practical monopoly (which they share with the Church) of the high offices of State. And throughout the country monasteries great and small are to be found everywhere, centres of such





*(Above) The stables in the Norbhu Lingka (Jewel Park), the Dalai Lama's summer palace. Over each stall are frescoes, mostly of equestrian subjects. (Below) The Lake Pavilion in the Norbhu Lingka, where the late Dalai Lama used to spend many hours daily in meditation*



culture and learning as exist. They are still the sole repositories of literature; and religious art, whether painting, sculpture or music (with few exceptions), is the only art practised or known. For their support, as in the case of the mediaeval monasteries, great estates are sequestered on which the peasants are virtually serfs.

Such differences as exist lie rather in degree than in kind. No country in the world (as far as I know) has ever developed monasticism to such an extent as has Tibet. In the neighbourhood of Lhasa



*A Tibetan official: Ringang, who was educated at Rugby and is a skilled engineer. He was responsible for installing the Lhasa hydro-electric plant*

alone the three great monasteries of Drepung, Sera and Gaden contain between them some 20,000 monks (the numbers of Drepung, for instance, are supposed to be fixed at 7700, but Sir Charles Bell tells us that it has at times contained over 10,000), and there are smaller ones. We find the same all over Tibet, from huge collegiate establishments to tiny places perched on the hillsides, with an elaborate hierarchy of abbots, professors of metaphysics, doctors of divinity, grades and degrees of monks down to young novices.

In the government of the country, too, the monks take a prominent share: all Government offices are divided evenly between monks and laymen. And the fact that the ruler of the country is himself a Holy Man, governing by divine right, gives naturally to the Church a predominance even greater than it could command merely by its numbers.

Although I have not attempted to describe in any detail the apparatus of government—the subject has been treated at length in Appendix D, Vol. II of Landon's *Lhasa*, and in Sir Charles Bell's *Tibet Past and Present*—it will be realized what an intensely interesting study the polity of this weird and remote country provides for a student or traveller. It is no mere Central Asian tribal conglomeration, or relic of former grandeur in decay, but a living, highly elaborated civilization, which, while it differs from our own and lacks most of the mechanical contrivances which nowadays govern our daily lives, is nevertheless an extremely efficient and complicated piece of human mechanism, unique in most of its details. Certain aspects of this civilization, it is true, owe their origin to foreign sources—the conventional forms of art, for instance, chiefly to China, the literature and alphabet to India, and so on—but, throughout, the pure Tibetan characteristics stand out unmistakably and have their roots in the remote past.

But the one outstanding peculiarity





*The house of Tsarong, an ex-Cabinet Minister, shows Western influence, for he spent several years in Darjeeling on the staff of the late Dalai Lama*



*Ladies of Tsarong's household, in the Lhasa style of costume (see also the seventh colour plate)*

which has always excited the special interest and wonder of the outside world is the system of Incarnate Lamas. Of these strange beings there are several hundreds distributed here and there throughout Tibet and Mongolia. The majority are insignificant and are almost unknown outside their own district or province. The two principal Incarnations, however, are famous by repute throughout the world and have been referred to by every traveller in and writer on Tibet—namely, those whom we call the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama. (I will continue to use these titles as a matter of convenience although they are not those actually employed by the Tibetans themselves.)

It would require a long dissertation on

Buddhist metaphysics to describe adequately the theory which underlies the belief in these earthly divinities. Very briefly it may be summarized as follows. The Northern School of Buddhism holds that there are five Emanations from the Supreme Essential Buddha: three of past eras, one of the present era, and one for the future; and that for each one of these 'Dhyani Buddhas'—I am using the Sanscrit, not the Tibetan terms—as they are called, there is a corresponding Celestial Emanation, or 'Bodhisattva', and also an earthly Reflex or Incarnation.

Now the Tashi Lama is believed to be the earthly manifestation of the Dhyani Buddha, *Amitabha*, and the Dalai Lama that of *Amitabha's* Celestial Bodhisattva, or Offspring, *Avalokiteshwara*. It follows,



*On the death of a Dalai Lama, a Regent is chosen from among the heads of certain monasteries, and continues in office until the new Dalai Lama comes of age. The present Regent in the reception-room of his palace on the outskirts of Lhasa*





*A special walk, surrounding Lhasa, is performed by many good Buddhists daily. Along it are rock walls covered with figures of the Buddha, and the faithful acquire merit as they go—*



*—by turning prayer-wheels, one of which is kept intermittently in motion by this old blind beggar-woman, seated by the path and awaiting confidently the meritorious gift of alms*



*The Tibetan peasants, who are bound to give unpaid labour to monasteries and other landowners, thresh their corn with flails. Oats will grow up to 11,000 feet, barley still higher*



*Writing prayers in the street. They are suspended in such places as bridges and passes, to be shaken by wayfarers who thus acquire merit, like those who buy and hang them up*





*Besides the village mummers who appear from time to time in traditional masks, troops of professional acrobats known as Kampa dancers, from Kam in S.E. Tibet, provide entertainment*



*Archery competitions figure largely in village sports. Each person of eminence enters a number of servants according to his rank. (Note the swastika, an emblem of Hindu origin adopted by Buddhism)*

therefore, that from the mystical point of view, the Tashi Lama is of superior celestial rank to the Dalai Lama.

But such subtleties, although of interest to students of Buddhistic lore, mean little or nothing to the people of Tibet in general. All they know, or desire to know, is that in the persons of these Lamas they are worshipping actual Incarnations of Divinity, and that on the demise ('passing away') of one of them the same spirit reappears in the body of a baby born soon afterwards. It is, in fact, the same Divinity only in a different body.

And, as far as we can tell, these Incarnations implicitly believe this themselves. When I paid my first visit to the Tashi Lama, shortly after the departure of the Mission in October 1904, he at once told me what a pleasure it was to him to renew his former good relations with British officers, that it had always been his policy to be on good terms with the British, and that he had welcomed and made friends with the last British officers who had visited him. He was referring, of course, to the missions to Shigatse of Mr. Bogle and Captain Turner, sent by Warren Hastings in 1774 and 1783 respectively, of which his monastic records contain full accounts, and he believed that in receiving us so hospitably he was merely carrying on *his own* policy and traditions.

Later, when I met him again in the following year, he produced a box containing presents which had been sent to him by Warren Hastings, and we examined the contents together with great interest. Sir Charles Bell in his book *Tibet Past and Present*, to which I have already referred, records a somewhat similar instance in the case of the Dalai Lama (p. 141).

Although, as I have said, the Tashi Lama may be regarded from the metaphysical point of view as a superior Incarnation to the Dalai Lama, it is the latter, nevertheless, who, from the time of the fifth Dalai Lama, at any rate, has been supreme in worldly and political matters.

The Dalai Lama when once he has attained his majority is to all intents and purposes the supreme ruler of the country, whereas the jurisdiction of the Tashi Lama is limited to a few districts in the province of Tsang. But the history of the Dalai Lamas shows that their secular authority has in many instances proved a doubtful privilege, and has involved them in serious troubles and dangers. Several of them have passed away in suspicious circumstances before or soon after attaining their majority, and others have been embarrassed by disputes with the Chinese and indeed with their own subjects.

Even the late Dalai Lama, although he was able to assume his prerogatives on reaching the age of eighteen, had, as already shown, a chequered career which included two flights from his capital and various internal disturbances.

As regards the present position of these two important Incarnations, while there have been rumours to the effect that the new Dalai Lama has been definitely identified, and that the Tashi Lama is about to return to Tibet, neither of these reports has, at the time of writing, been confirmed.

Various writers from the time of the French Jesuit priests, Huc and Gabet, who visited Lhasa in 1846, have given accounts of the method of discovering the right Incarnation after the passing away of a Dalai Lama; but the latest and most authoritative information on the subject is contained in Sir Charles Bell's *Tibet Past and Present* (pp. 50-54), derived from particulars communicated to him by the late Dalai Lama himself and by a late Prime Minister of Tibet.

Generally speaking, the matter is arranged by a committee of abbots of the great monasteries headed by the Tashi Lama, if of age, and assisted by the State Oracle. This committee decides, first, in which district the new Dalai Lama is to be found, and later the right child is identified from among several born at the





*Dufaycolor photograph*

*Spencer Chapman*

*Tibetan officials, dressed according to rank, riding up to the Potala at Lhasa for the New Year ceremonies*

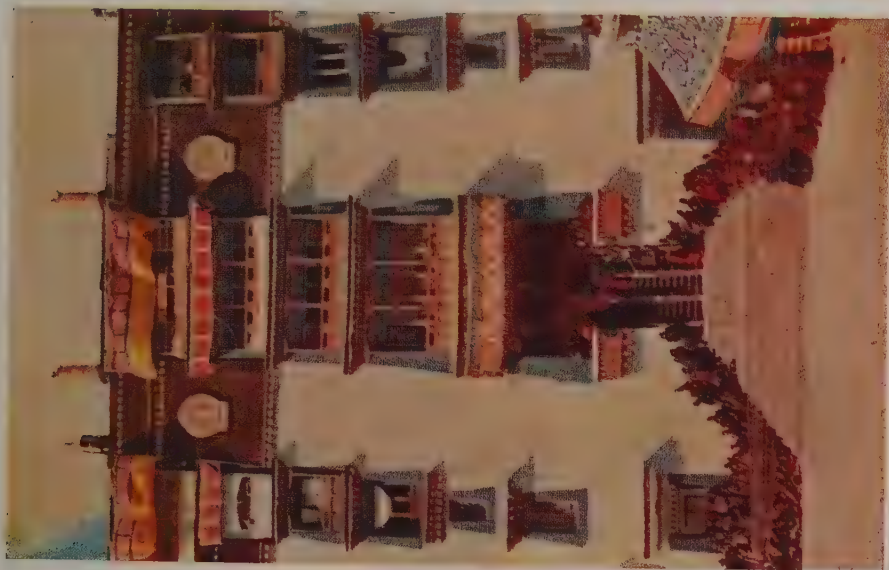


*Dulaycolor photo, right*

*F. Spencer Chapman*

*The Potals from the south; the eastern courtyard where the ceremonial dances are held is high up on the right*





*The face of the Potala over-  
looking the eastern courtyard*



*The great Chorten at Gyantse,  
enshrining relics of a lama*



*Dufayonnet photograph*

*Gundeling Dzasa, head of a Lhasa monastery, wears the reddish robe which is monastic uniform*



*The New Year dress of Kyipup, an official, includes huge amber beads and one weighty turquoise earring*

*F. Spencer Chapman*





*Dufaycolor photograph*

*F. Spencer Chapman*

*A Tibetan lady of high rank, wife of the  
Gyantse Dzongpen (fort commander)*



Black Hat dancers in the Potala, helping to banish devils accumulated in the Old Year, on its last day

F. Spencer Chapman





*Dufaycolor photograph*

*Madras*

*A dance is held early in the New Year at the monastery of the State Oracle, where coming events are foretold*



The monks in the photograph

Ceremonial trumpets on the roof of Ganden monastery.  
The trumpet-stand and turret are covered in gold leaf



correct period, partly by certain marks and signs on his person, and partly by his ability to recognize objects which belonged to him during his last incarnation. At one time the Chinese Amban used to preside over the ceremony of picking the correct name out of a golden bowl with chopsticks, but nowadays the selection is made by the Tibetans themselves.

This is about as much as we are ever likely to know about it. It is improbable that any outsider will be able to delve further into this mysterious proceeding, the inner secrets of which are, no doubt, known in their entirety to but a select few of the upper hierarchy at Lhasa.

As regards Tibet's foreign relations with her limitrophe neighbours, the situation at the present time would appear to be, on the whole, satisfactory. It is true that the negotiations which took place at Simla in 1913-14 as between China and Tibet, under our auspices, never reached a definite conclusion, but a practical understanding was arrived at which, with occasional interruptions, has worked well ever since. Tibet has never been averse from accepting China's rather shadowy suzerainty, but has always strongly objected to, and indeed resisted, any attempt at the assertion of sovereignty or control of her internal affairs; now this vexed question is quiescent and shows no signs of causing further trouble. Elsewhere no critical dispute appears likely to arise. Russia seems to have abandoned any schemes she may once have had for extending her influence into Tibet, and in any case the northern frontiers of Tibet which march with Mongolia and Sinkiang are in most places inaccessible, and everywhere remote. In the south Tibet's relations with Nepal and Bhutan are excellent, and the occasional bickerings with the former country are more in the nature of family quarrels than anything else, and are never likely to develop into anything more serious.

There remains only India, and so Great

Britain, to be considered, and here we may indeed claim that our policy for the last thirty-odd years has been eminently successful. In 1903 Tibet was hostile and aloof. No Englishman was allowed in the country, and the Dalai Lama refused even to accept letters sent to him by the Viceroy, while at the same time we had reason to believe that he was cultivating relations with the Czar. In the intervening period we have seen the provisions of our Lhasa treaty honoured in every detail and our relations growing more cordial every year.

This gratifying situation is due in a great measure to the series of able and sympathetic officers who have represented Great Britain in the country. Most of them have visited Lhasa on the invitation of the Tibetan Government or of the Dalai Lama himself and have made friends with the high officials. Of these Sir Charles Bell was the first. It was he who was in charge of the arrangements for the Dalai Lama's reception and entertainment while the Lama was the guest of the Indian Government in 1910-12, and during that period they became firm friends. In 1920 on the Lama's invitation he went to Lhasa and remained there nearly a year, cementing their friendship and earning the goodwill and respect of the Tibetans generally.

Later, other officers followed in his footsteps: Colonel F. M. Bailey, Colonel Weir, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter, Mr Williamson, who went to Lhasa with his young wife and died there tragically in November 1935; and now Mr B. J. Gould. Each in turn has taken his share in strengthening our good relations with the Tibetans, which have now become traditional.

Our policy has been to interfere in no way with the internal administration and affairs of the country, but merely to keep on good terms, and to help with advice and occasional expert assistance where desired—as, for instance, in the installa-



*A growing desire to avoid interference in Tibet's internal affairs has prompted the creation of an organized force equipped with modern weapons, and a uniform has been designed to suit the climate*

tion of the telegraph line, and so on. And the Trade Mart at Gyantse, as provided for in the 1904 treaty, secures entry into Tibet for British and Indian traders and merchandise.

The accompanying photographs give an idea of Tibet's majestic scenery and the charm of her people, with their love of bright colours and their cheerful smiling faces. Here we encounter none of the obstacles to social intercourse which confront us in India in the rigid caste system of the Hindus and the purdah of the Mohammedan women, and the various taboos on food and drink. Buddhists know none of these things, and Europeans can meet them on equal terms in their houses and entertain them and their wives and children without let or hindrance.

This brief summary gives, I fear, but a very inadequate picture of the charm and

interest of this fascinating country, but these are difficult to convey by words or even by photographs. Tibet has now, it is true, opened a little window to the outer world, admitting some outside light and knowledge, but in spite of this she still maintains her aloofness and a great deal of her glamour. That great plateau is still segregated and sequestered by immense stretches of desert and by gigantic mountain chains. With all our research we still can only dimly comprehend the inner meaning of those Incarnate Lamas, and the life in those teeming monasteries; and much that concerns the manners and customs of these strange people is still a sealed book to us.

But, perhaps, it is just as well. In this prosaic modern world it is good to have at any rate one country left which is veiled in romance and mystery, with secrets of its own still undisclosed.



# Mother Yangtse. I

by Lieutenant VISCOUNT KELBURN, R.N.

*Under conditions regulated by treaty, a flotilla of His Majesty's ships has for many years protected British commerce along the Yangtse. Few Europeans have been able to see as much of the river as those who, like Lord Kelburn, have served in these gunboats; and his account of China's great highway is particularly timely at a moment when the struggle near its mouth, and the bombing of the cities in its lower reaches, are in all men's minds. People and scenes along the river banks will be the subject of a further article*

THROUGHOUT its three-thousand-mile course from Tibet to the Eastern Sea, the Yangtse Kiang travels under many official names. But to the peasants of Central China it is known simply as the 'Great River'. It is the highway of a people who live very close to the soil; a simple and superstitious people, who believe firmly in devils, dragons and river gods. To them the Yangtse is more than a river: it is part parent, part deity. Through the heart of China it flows, draining lakes and depositing its silt, until finally it enters the Eastern Sea through the province of Kiang-Su. Fifty miles from the coast, and as far south as the Chusan Archipelago, the waters of the ocean retain the rich dark brown of the Yangtse valley mud.

The Yangtse is the life-line of eight provinces, the only outlet to the sea for some sixteen of China's largest cities. From Shanghai near the river's mouth to Chungking 1400 miles upstream, these cities are the focal points of an area far larger and more thickly inhabited than the Danube basin, yet free from the political and economic obstacles with which the peoples of Central Europe confront the unifying force of their great river, and welded together by the power of a common habit of life, a universally accepted philosophy, far more ancient than any civilization that Europe can boast.

Some of these cities are so important, and their commerce so lucrative, as to have attracted traders from all over the world. Shanghai, for example, is the international city *par excellence*. The principal streets of

its International Settlement, with their trams and their neon lights, are a strange mixture of the Grand Boulevard and the Nevski, of 42nd Street and the Thames Embankment; while, within a stone's-throw, are the squalid, tortuous streets of the teeming Chinese city. But though Shanghai controls the foreign trade of the Yangtse, it is detached from, and does not form part of the life of the river: Hankow, another city largely built and maintained by Western capital, and sharing many of the same externally international characteristics, is identified much more closely with the traffic and fortunes of the stream to which its 'Bund' presents so solid a perspective of stone. In both cases the foreign element exercises a controlling influence in municipal administration, but of the two cities' combined population of over four millions, only a small fraction is not Chinese by race.

Other cities of the Yangtse are more distinctively Chinese: Chinkiang and Chungking, though so far distant from one another, are both deeply rooted in the life of China. The former is the capital of the province of Kiang-Su with its population of thirty-five millions, where the Yangtse is crossed by the Grand Canal from Peking to Hangchow, built by Kublai, first of the Mongol emperors, in the 13th century. The latter, a city of a million inhabitants, is the outlet of the remote and romantic province of Szechuan—a province the size of France, containing fifty million people, possessing mineral wealth still only guessed at, fertility to which no limit can be placed.



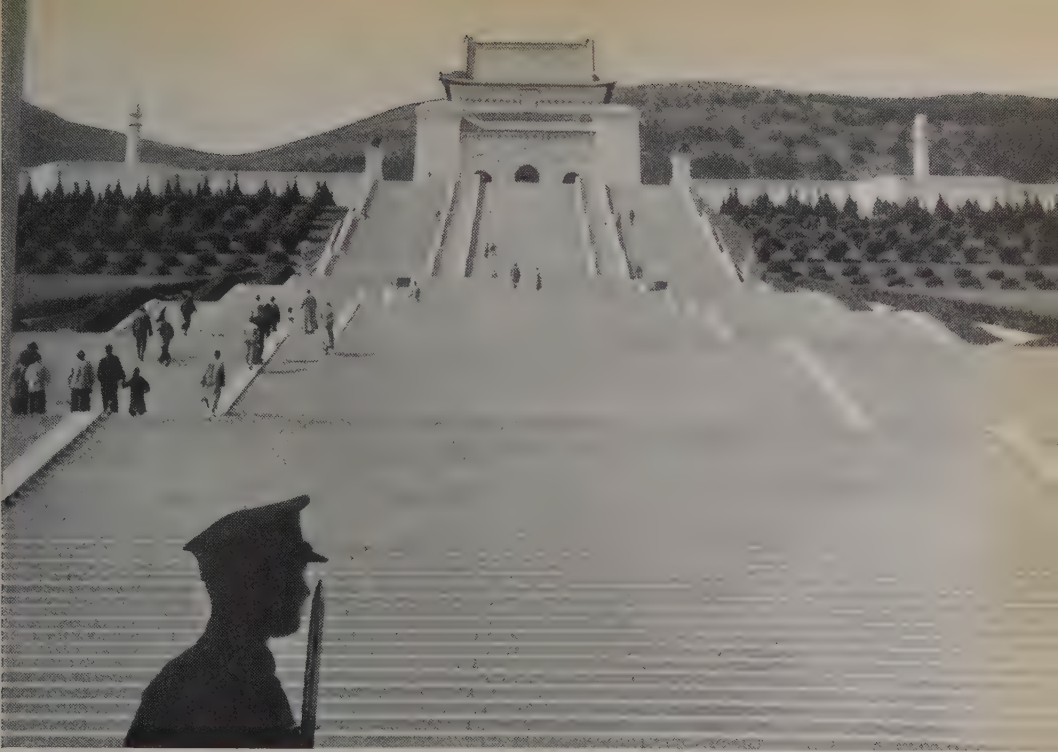
*M. A. McMullen*

*To Shanghai, 'the international city par excellence', product of foreign activity on Chinese soil, gravitates the external trade of the Yangtse Valley, with a population of some 200 millions and an estimated area larger than that of France, Germany, Italy and the British Isles combined*

*M. A. McMullen*







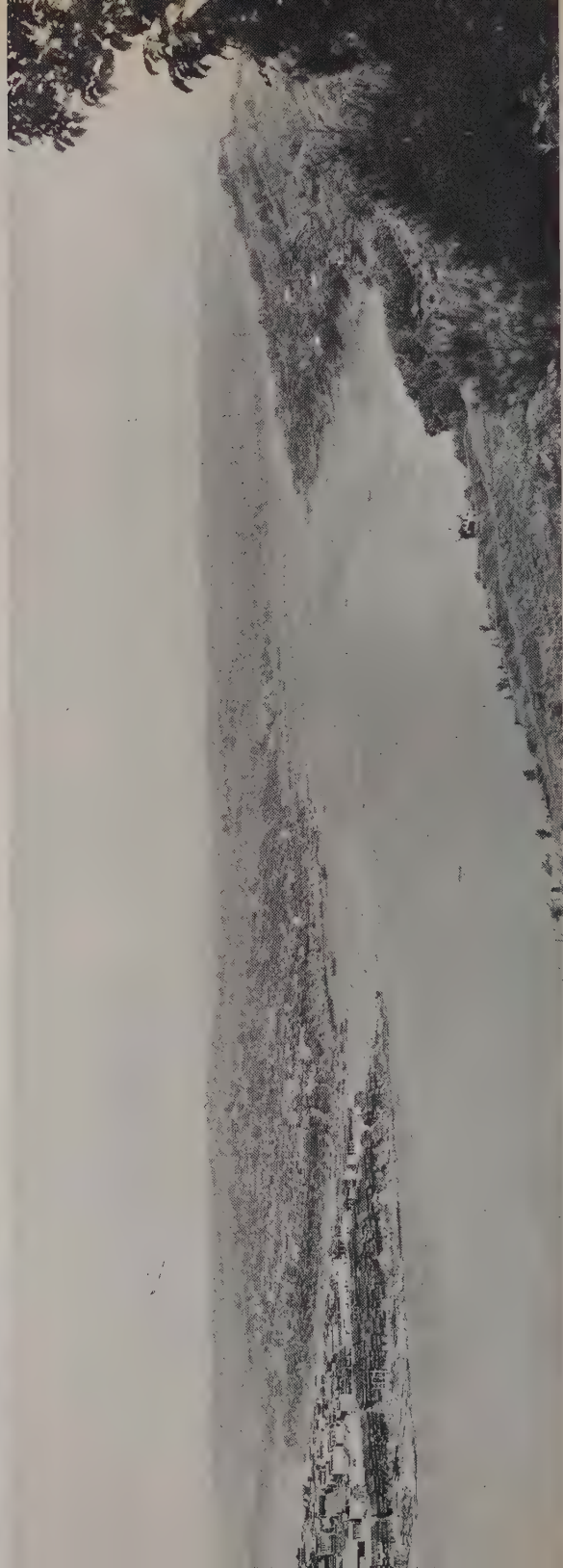
*M. A. McMullen*

*Dorien Le*

*Nanking, the first Ming emperor's capital after the period of Mongol domination, was restored to that position under the Republic 500 years later. This was the desire of Sun Yat-Sen, whose splendid memorial symbolizes the new China's will to self-renewal*

*At the confluence of the Han with the Yangtse, 600 miles upstream from Shanghai, half-way from Peking to Canton by rail, Hankow is the chief emporium of Central China. Rich mineral deposits contribute to the large share of the river traffic which it derives from this situation*





*At Chungking, a city of a million inhabitants 1,400 miles from its mouth, the Yangtse is still vast*



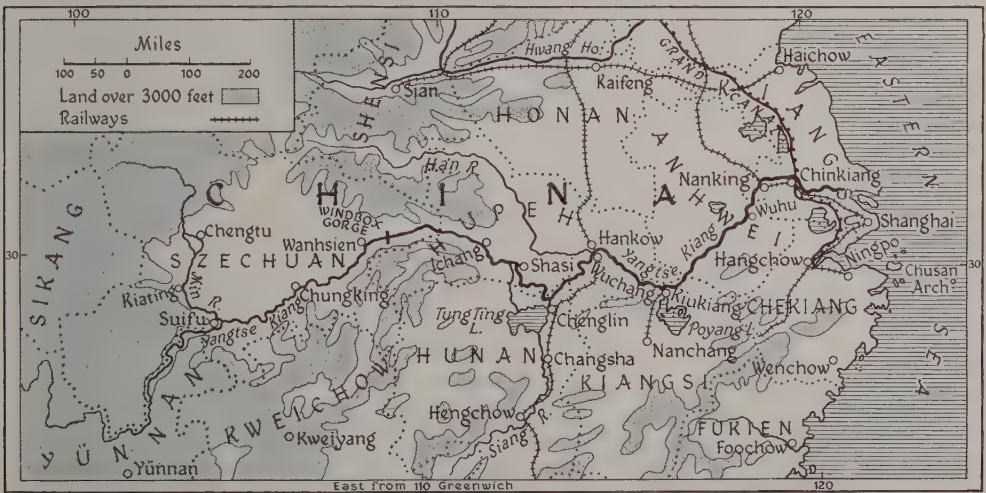
In Nanking, the new capital of the Chinese Republic, Western elements are grafted onto the ancient Chinese stock. Its walls, twenty-five miles in circumference, enclose a curious scattered mass of houses, duck ponds, government buildings, tarmac roads, stretches of country, trees, ruins and fortifications. Here and there the town seems to thicken for a space, and then opens out again into fields, farm houses, and acres of cultivation. Little except its massive walls survived the burning of the old city by the Taipings eighty years ago. The drum tower, pink and dignified, stands on a small hill in the centre, a relic of Nanking's not inconsiderable past. The tomb of the first Ming Emperor and a twisted avenue of stone beasts bear witness to the days when it enjoyed the favour of the Son of Heaven, and became for a short time the capital of the Empire.

Outside the city walls the memorial to Sun Yat-Sen stands proudly in white stone against the wooded sides of the Purple Mountain. Among the maple woods at its foot the Chinese government is laying out a public park on the grand scale. Other works of modernization are in progress; but the new Nanking, like the Republic that it represents, is still rather a

symbol of aspiration than a monument of achievement.

Let us, for a moment, imagine ourselves travelling upstream from Shanghai to Chungking—a 10 days' journey—on one of the steamers that serve this highway of China. From the standpoint of navigation, the Yangtse divides itself naturally into three sections. Of the scenery on the lower river, up to Hankow, the 250-odd miles between Nanking and Kiukiang are very typical. Our course lies, for the most part, in a south-westerly direction, the river now opening out to two or three miles in width, now narrowing to flow between rocky bluffs, now dividing into two or three channels to pass round low, sandy islands, whose banks and shallows shift and change every year. On the south bank wooded hills approach and recede alternately; the country to the north is flat, with fields of rice, cotton, wheat and beans, stretching away to the horizon. At the southern end of this section of the river occurs the most aptly named of all the Yangtse landmarks—the Little Orphan. It stands up in the centre of the river, a lone temple-crowned rock with sheer red flanks and a tree-covered summit.

The middle river, between Hankow and



Stanford, London.

Ichang, is the least inspiring part of the journey to Chungking. The river, seemingly forgetful of its purpose, winds obtusely in great loops, turning a distance of 200 miles, as the crow flies, into 380 by water. At Chenglin, the Yangtse is joined by its most important tributary, the Siang River, which comes from Changsha and the rich province of Hunan, passing through the broad and shallow Tung Ting Lake on its way north.

Above Chenglin the river becomes narrower and more shallow: and navigation proportionately more cautious. At certain crossings Chinese crewmen with bamboo poles sound continuously, singing out the depth of the water in hoarse voices. The channels on the middle river in the low-water season have a way of altering in a night. At such places, River Office sampans can be seen rowing up and down, keeping the channels buoyed according to the latest soundings.

As we near Ichang the country becomes hilly again, until a solid block of mountains seems to bar our passage to the west. We have reached the foot of the gorges.

Between Ichang and Wanh sien lies some of the finest scenery of its kind in the world. A wild and almost impassable mountain massif shuts off the province of Szechuan from the outside world, and through this effective barrier of sandstone and limestone the Yangtse breaks its way in a series of steep valleys and deep gorges. High up the sheer face of the Wind Box Gorge a notice, in Chinese characters, eloquently but resentfully deplores the passing of this old seclusion. 'Once this was the only road into Szechuan; now aeroplanes and gunboats make it easy.'

From Ichang we travel in a smaller ship, whose curtailed length and powerful steering-gear enable her to turn quickly when stemming a rapid. Short length, rather than shallow draught, is of paramount importance on the upper river.

Within half an hour we are entering the Ichang gorge, thirteen miles in length, a suitable appetizer for what is to come.

To describe this unique journey in detail would require a book to itself, and it is only possible to touch upon some of its most typical sights and experiences. Is it indeed a strange sensation hanging in the tongue of a rapid, with the ship's engines going full speed ahead, wondering whether she will ride over or not; and then, when she reaches the top, being swirled away in a backwash towards what appears immediate collision with a jagged rock; only to turn in the nick of time, avoiding the danger by inches. The view up the Ox Liver Gorge, with a three-thousand-foot peak towering above it, is unforgettable. The Wushan Gorge is twenty-five miles long, and half-way along its vertical cliff is the Chinese Dynasty Stone, a smooth face of limestone, framed in a more crumbling vein of rock. Every time a piece falls from the frame, uncovering a fresh space, it is said that a dynasty will fall in China. And then there is the incomparable Wind Box, last, shortest and most magnificent of the great gorges, and we emerge, a little breathless, from among the eddies of the Goose Tail Rock, into an open space where the hot brine wells of Kueifu cast up clouds of steam from a shingle bank.

For the next six hours we are steaming up a deep sandstone valley, and if the sun is shining, it will catch the hillsides, throwing deep shadows in the valleys, and lighting up the spring green of young rice, or turning the rich brown of autumn to a richer gold.

The last stage of the journey to Chungking—the 175 miles above Wanh sien—suffers only by comparison with the gorges proper. It is in fact extremely beautiful, and can boast rapids as dangerous as any below Wanh sien. The country remains hilly, but has a softer and less austere appearance. Sometimes the hills close in sufficiently to warrant the title of gorge,





*All up the river, from Shanghai to Chungking and beyond, stand the signs of a civilization 'far more ancient than any that Europe can boast': hill-top pagodas—*

*—and waterside temples in whose curving roofs and carved stones are writ the glories of China's golden past and the splendour of her achievement in the arts of peace*

*old Mennie*

*M. A. McMullen*





*R. H. S. Rodger*

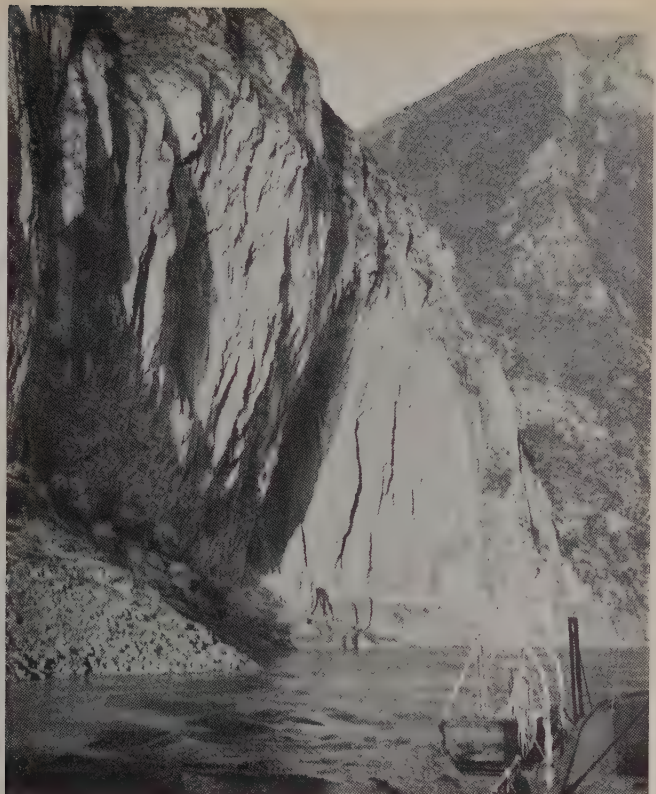
*A conspicuous landmark in the lower river is the Little Orphan (above), 'a lone temple-crowned rock' inhabited by Buddhist priests. At Ichang (below) junks await an up-river breeze to carry them to the mouth of the great gorges through which the Yangtse fights its way*

*M. A. McMullen*





*In these gorges the river is often less than 300 yards wide, sometimes as narrow as 150; and a rise of over 200 feet between winter and summer level may be experienced when the melting snows of Tibet swell its volume. Most impressive of all is the Wind Box Gorge (right). Wedged in a crevice high up the seemingly unscalable cliff are three wooden objects—according to one legend, bellows (wind-boxes)*



*R. H. S. Rodger*

*R. H. S. Rodger*





*Cliffs in the Yellow Cat Gorge*

*Donald Mennie*



but for the most part they lie back complacently, while our ship threads a tortuous course among the rocks and boulders which break up the river at low water.

The upper river has, indeed, a character that no description can adequately convey. Pagodas, perched on prominent hills, herald the approach to walled villages; cities of refuge stand on seemingly inaccessible pillars of rock; junks are hauled over swift-running rapids by twenty or thirty 'trackers' stripped almost naked, and bent double in the effort of pulling. The very real dangers of navigation have taken mythical shape. Every rock has its dragon, and every rapid its familiar spirit. The little shrines, which stand along the bank, bear witness to the gratitude of junkmen whose lives were spared when all seemed lost. The traveller will be conscious of a

timeless struggle between man and Nature, in which man has just, but only just, held his own.

Above Chungking the Yangtse is still navigable for small steamers for another two hundred miles to Suifu, and then for eighty miles up the Min River to Kiating, within easy reach of Chengtu, the cultured capital of Szechuan. Beyond Suifu it passes into the wild mountains of Central Asia, and is lost to all but the most hardy explorers.

Those who live by rivers can appreciate, even in these days of roads and railways, of modern irrigation methods and chemical fertilizers, something of their importance to the dwellers on their banks. In China, where modern methods are little known and frequently scoffed at by the country folk, the river is the actual means of life to millions of people, be they farmers,



Donald Mennie

*The gorges are habitually veiled in mist and rain which, with the over-shadowing mountains, deepen their majestic gloom. This view in Lamp Light Gorge shows, to the right, a 'trackers' path'*



*Donald Mennie*

*Among the hardest of human lives is that of the 'trackers' who haul the junks up the rapids; inch by inch, sometimes painfully on all fours over the merciless rocks—*



*R. H. S. Rodger*

*—sometimes along cliff-paths below which the hungry eddies wait for a false step*





R. H. S. Rodger

*But the gorges are not always gloomy. A burst of sunshine will reveal brilliant colour in the peaks and valleys; red and burnt-umber of soil, gold and green of crops*



Donald Mennie

*Towards their upper end Wanhsien clings to the cliffs between river and mountain*



J. S. Rodger

R. H. S. Rodger

*As if the physical dangers of Yangtse navigation were not enough, Chinese junkmen are beset by evil spirits which lead them to execute such hazardous manœuvres as that of sailing across the bows of a steamer to detach a pursuing devil. The bluff bows of junks in the lower river are provided with eyes so that they may perceive perils invisible to mortal sight*







*H. S. Rodger*

*R. H. S. Rodger*



*Against the mighty force of the river the men who live upon it pit their strength, heaving at huge bamboo-bladed sweeps in an attempt to steer timber rafts an acre in extent, home of perhaps a hundred people; poling against the current, when the wind drops, with shoulders on which years of such effort produce a thick pad of skin*



H. S. Rodger

R. H. S. Rodger



*Constant search of ships, property and clothing by officials of the Opium Suppression Bureau has failed to discourage the ingenuity of the multitudes engaged in opium smuggling; a pursuit as attractive, in its excitement and possibility of gain—*

*—as that of gambling, to which the Chinese are passionately addicted. Scarcely a public place is without some game of chance, round which little crowds gather to stake copper coins worth, roughly, 1/300th of an English shilling*



fishermen, junkmen, opium smugglers or professional beggars.

The latter are to be seen everywhere. River steamers, lying in the ports, are often surrounded by shouting beggars, propelling themselves about in tubs. The opium smugglers, though equally ubiquitous, are for obvious reasons less noticeable. The poppy is extensively cultivated inland, and the profit to be made on a consignment of opium, successfully smuggled to Shanghai, constitutes a small fortune. There are few ships leaving Chungking for the lower river which do not contain their quota, and there are many tales of the ingenuity with which it is concealed. On one occasion several pounds were discovered behind a loose brick in the boiler-room of a down-bound vessel, the hiding-place being unapproachable while the ship was steaming. Officers' golf-bags have also been made use of, and on one occasion, small packets of opium were found in the marmalade pot on the breakfast table of a foreign official. The Opium Suppression Bureau works mainly through 'informers', who, if not sufficiently paid for their silence, will report to the authorities; but the smuggling business is so intricately bound up with an elaborate system of 'squeeze' and bribery as to be almost un-suppressible.

There are hundreds of thousands of families who live and die in their junks on the Yangtse, seldom going ashore except to unload cargo or to buy food. Though steamers are now, to some degree, taking the place of the old heavy junk traffic, the smaller local trade remains in the hands of the junkmaster, and is carried on in the time-honoured manner of China, in which time has no significance. It is still worth the junkman's while to hire forty trackers to drag his vessel over the rapids of the upper river, or to wait a week on the lower reaches for a favourable wind. It is always amusing to see some homely article from one's own country, such as a well-known brand of cigarette or a consignment

of pins, being swung along on poles and dumped into some waiting junk for shipment into the interior.

Many types of junks are to be met with between Shanghai and Chungking. The lower river junks are large and heavy, reminiscent of the western traders of a past age, with high sterns, tall masts and a wide sail area. It is not unusual, when the wind is blowing fresh up-river, to see a hundred of these emerge from a creek and sail in line ahead, keeping close to the bank in order to gain the maximum back current. Frequently one sees three- or four-masted 'leuchars' from the coast with eyes carved on their bows, discharging cargo in the



R. H. S. Rodger

*Desperate and widespread poverty brings a swarm of beggars; in sampans and even in tubs, round nearly every river steamer that enters port*

ports. On the Poyang Lake the junks have spacious, bulging hulls; on the Siang River they are slim and narrow with a raised gunwale amidships.

The Chinese are beautiful boat builders and take a great pride in the smartness of their craft. A long sandy spit at Changsha is a favourite place for careening junks. At all times of the year junkmen can be seen here, varnishing hulls, scrubbing decks, fitting new sails and rigging, and carrying out the many small repairs needed after a heavy season's trading.

The upper river junks depend little on sails, but are propelled mainly by oars with trackers on shore to haul them over the rapids. Anything from sixteen to twenty rowers will stand well forward in the boat and swing rhythmically with short, little strokes. A large steering-oar projects from the bows, intended to keep the vessel's stern to the current when shooting a rapid. On the Foochow River, a small tributary, all the junks are built with a twisted stern, gondola fashion, so as to be able to negotiate a very sharp bend in the river, when travelling downstream.

Navigating the Yangtse in a steamer is often a hazardous business. The traveller will be surprised to see grinning junkmen sailing their craft across the bows of a steamer in a manner which seems to invite almost certain collision. There are devils following every junk, and by this dangerous manoeuvre the junkman severs the devil's tow-rope, forcing the bewildered spirit to attach itself to the steamer instead.

An even greater danger on the middle river is the timber raft. These rafts are sometimes over an acre in area and are towed downstream by minute tugs. The tug is required by law and is never sufficiently powerful to control the ponderous mass of the raft. As many as a

hundred people live on this floating island in a small village of roughly constructed huts.

Anchored one night near Changlin, we were once struck by a very large raft. The sharp bows of the gunboat cut through the loosely bound structure like a knife into cheese, and demolished two houses. The flaring torches, the panic and the pandemonium were chaotic and spectacular. Fortunately she struck close to one edge and was gradually swung clear by the current, leaving a tangled mass of wreckage round the bow. We were grateful that night for heavy anchors and stout cable.

Sometimes these rafts are merely a bundle of logs with two figures perched precariously on top. I remember at Hankow on one occasion seeing one of these crazy craft break adrift. It is an unwritten law of the Yangtse that any flotsam or jetsam is the property of the man who can first secure it. Sampans—the dinghies of China—clustered round this raft, like ravens round the dying deer. Firewood is a valuable article in China, and logs were dragged ashore with ill-concealed enthusiasm. I watched the faces of the victims as they passed down river, balancing with difficulty on what remained of their months of labour. They showed no resentment; only a pathetic resignation. It is incidentally by this same law of property that any man rescued from the river becomes at once the responsibility of his rescuer, and can claim his support for the rest of his life. It is not surprising that when accidents occur, it is seldom the victims who are saved. This is not conscious callousness; only a different point of view. Filial piety is the basis of religion, and sympathy, love and material aid are reserved for the family alone.



# I Stood upon Sinai

by LOUIS GOLDING

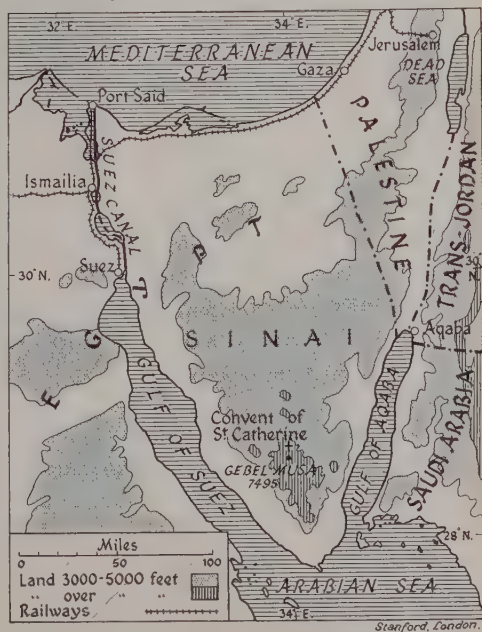
*The following extracts from Mr Golding's recently published book, In the Steps of Moses the Lawgiver, represent the climax of a work in which the threads of legend, history, religion and personal adventure are woven into a fascinating whole. They deal with the ancient Greek-Orthodox Convent of St Catherine, the physical ascent of Gebel Musa—Moses' Mountain—and the spiritual experience which it brought, and could only have brought, to the man who wrote Magnolia Street*

THE monks of the convent seem a happy enough company, though they live a life as rigid as it is secluded. They rise at two-thirty in the morning and nothing crosses their lips till they take a cup of coffee several hours later, after Mass. Then they work for several hours again, and a gong calls them to lunch in the refectory, where they sit down at a long carved table between granite walls decorated with a row of pallid frescoes, and the graven escutcheons of pious noblemen who made the pilgrimage to Sinai long centuries ago. There they take their frugal repast while one of the brethren intones over their heads a passage from some sacred book. They rarely eat meat, some of them never, and meat is never eaten in the refectory. They receive two Egyptian pounds a month, which most of them send to their folk in Greece, and a small ration of spirits, which is no luxury in that searching air.

Before the war the community was rich, having an income of some twenty-five thousand pounds. Its properties in Rumania were confiscated before the war, those in Serbia during the war, and those in Bessarabia after. But their most grievous loss, morally as well as financially, has been the defection of Russia from the Orthodox Church. They have property in Cyprus and Crete which brings in but little revenue today. The substance of their income is the convent in Cairo and the hermitages and gardens in the peninsula. They are poor and have been rich, and it may be for that reason that pilgrims who can afford it have been asked to pay heavily for the privilege of staying at the con-

vent. As for us, I can only report they treated us with the utmost kindness.

They do not wear their austerity on their sleeves like a badge. If you were to stay for no more than a couple of days in the convent, you might easily carry away the impression that the place is a sort of holy bakehouse and bread-shop, and that the monks are a race of holy grocers. In one way or another they seem to be busy with grain or bread at most hours of the day. In the morning you might see them gathered round a table spread with a heap of grain, which they are sifting into fine and coarse. The three Senior Fathers will be there, too, as they have been there for fifty years. It looks odd, at first. You have a feeling that



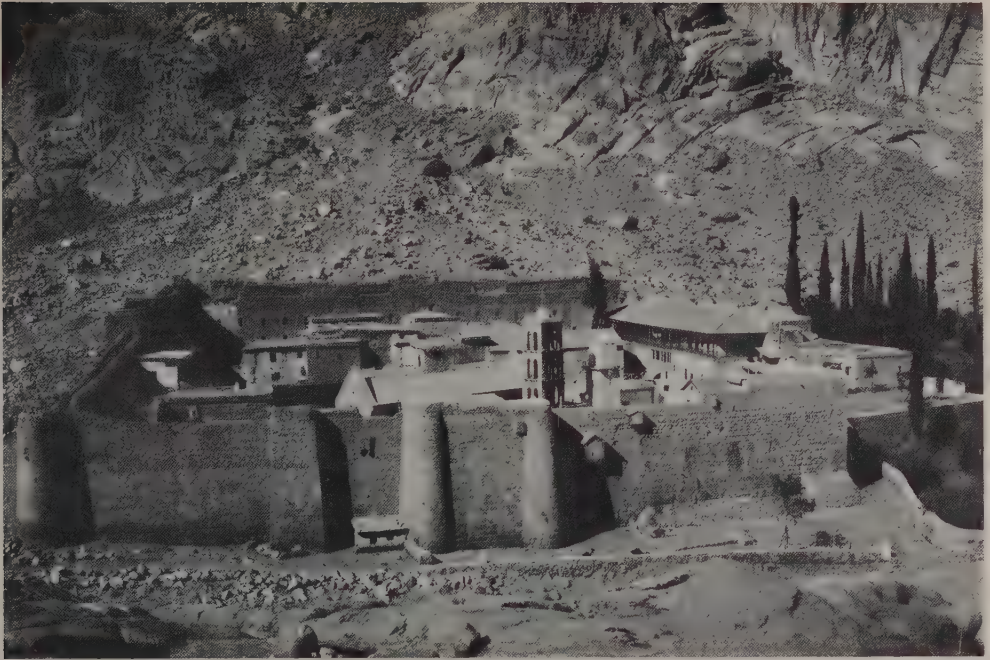


*British Museum*

# CONVENT OF ST CATHERINE ON MOUNT SINAI

*From a picture by A. DAUZATS, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1845*





*N. Kapetanakis*

*The convent was founded by the Emperor Justinian in A.D. 559, and behind its fortress-walls, with the aid of a protective firman sealed by Mohammed, it has maintained itself ever since. Nevertheless, beside the church tower rises a minaret, admitted in deference to Moslem pressure*

they might be doing something a little more exalted with their spare time. They might be writing a history of the convent, or copying out ancient documents, or perhaps painting eikons, as their predecessors did. Then it occurs to you they might actually be doing any or all those things, months on end, years on end. They have time enough, all the time in the world. In the meantime, now and again, they sift grain with their brothers, the young novices from the Greek islands. There is no high and low among them; and to sift grain is as exalted labour as to write histories, and each is as a breath of wind compared with the labour of prayer.

Other monks haunt, like Samsons, the Gazaeon caverns below ground-level. In one a blindfold donkey treads his endless round, pulling a vast spar which grinds the sifted corn between mill-stones. In an-

other, a roller like a part of a ship's engine winnows the stuff in a vast sarcophagus. Above, the convent Beduin assemble to receive their day's ration of loaves, five each every two days. The sheikhs get eight each, made of mixed corn and maize. Out in the courtyard the Beduin who have eaten their ration wait in the hope of getting another before it is due. A loaf appears from somewhere, then it disappears into thin air, or into the fold of a *djellabiyeh*.

The convent Beduin are now about four hundred in number. They are called Gebelliyeh and deem themselves a clan of the great Towara tribe. They look as Beduin as their neighbours, but they are, in fact, descended from the garrison of a hundred Egyptian and a hundred Wallachian soldiers which Justinian sent to defend his convent-fortress shortly after its foundation. They do all the menial



Louis Golding

*'The monks of the convent seem a happy enough company', pursuing in their seclusion a calm and frugal existence, relieved of its more laborious tasks through the services—*



Louis Golding

*—of the convent Beduin, some 400 in number, who are devoted to their Christian masters*



work in the convent and look after the gardens. They were Christians, like their masters, for a century or two, but Islam was too powerful for them, and the monks were too sensible of the delicacy of their position to endeavour to restrain them from the new faith. That sensibility has always been one of the guiding influences of the monks' behaviour, and they seem never to have made any effort to win back their own slaves to Christ, or to win new converts from the surrounding desert. Their position was once, in fact, so delicate that they found themselves compelled to build a mosque within the sacred precincts of their convent, cheek by jowl with their basilica; that was early in the 14th century, at the time when the Sultan Melik en Nessir Mohammed was making things very unpleasant for the Christians all over Egypt. But quite soon that bad Sultan died, and in course of time the anti-Christian fervour dwindled. But the mosque survives as a memorial to that age, for a holy place of Islam once built cannot be unbuilt. However, the worship is not fervent there, for only the convent Beduin are the worshippers, and the monks have them well in hand. It is only during the month of Ramadan the Beduin are allowed to enter it, which they do daily, and light a lamp there, and so keep it sanctified.

\* \* \*

We set out to make the ascent of Gebel Musa. We walked under the cliffs for some ten minutes, and saw a family of Beduin cresting the rise, as if bidding us remember that this was not the Mountain of the Hebrews and the Christians only, but the Muslims, too, had their rights there. On our right hand the cliff withdrew; a narrow gorge split it from crown to heel; its rear wall was carved into five hundred stairs. We turned in and the ascent began. Our feet were on the first of the three thousand stairs, or seven thousand, no one seems to know now, but they are less than they used to be, for time and torrent have

prized some away and flattened others, since the monks carved them. It was very cold in the shade of the stairway, very hot as we wound round and up into open sunlight again. Sometimes there was wind, sometimes there was not. It was necessary to play a perpetual game of putting on and taking off sweaters. There was always a smell of water. In the lower levels it was the water of springs, with greenery in the overhanging caves or in the crannies of the rock. In the higher levels it was the water of unmelted snow. But water was



*Louis Golding*

*The Sheikh of the convent Beduin, descendants of Justinian's soldiers converted to Islam. They receive a regular bread-ration from the monks*



Mrs. D. J. Wallace

*Along the desolate Wadi ed Deir, in which the convent shines like a jewel with its red and blue roofs and green cypresses, lies the path to Gebel Musa*

there all the time, and the fine smell of aromatic herbs, caper and thyme and hyssop, and several others of which it is said they only grow on these slopes.

In less than half an hour we came on a spring welling fresh and clear from a grotto under two vast rocks, with a stone seat carved out beside it; and our guide, the monk Dmitri, sat down and told us holy tales. He sat down frequently during the ascent, whenever there was a site of some interest, and told us holy tales. I do not know if he sat down because he was tired, and covered up his fatigue that way. Or whether it was part of his official duty to increase the knowledge and improve the souls of pilgrims. Or whether he did it in a holiday spirit, because he was having a day's respite from his perpetual loaf-doling, and to tell holy tales was the natural expression of his sense of well-being, as others make jokes or sing songs. At all events, I can see now that it

was largely due to Dmitri's tale-telling that I felt all that day, despite the magnificence of the Mountain and the incomparable view from its summit, that I was not really on the Mountain but on the roof of a tower in the convent walls. . . .

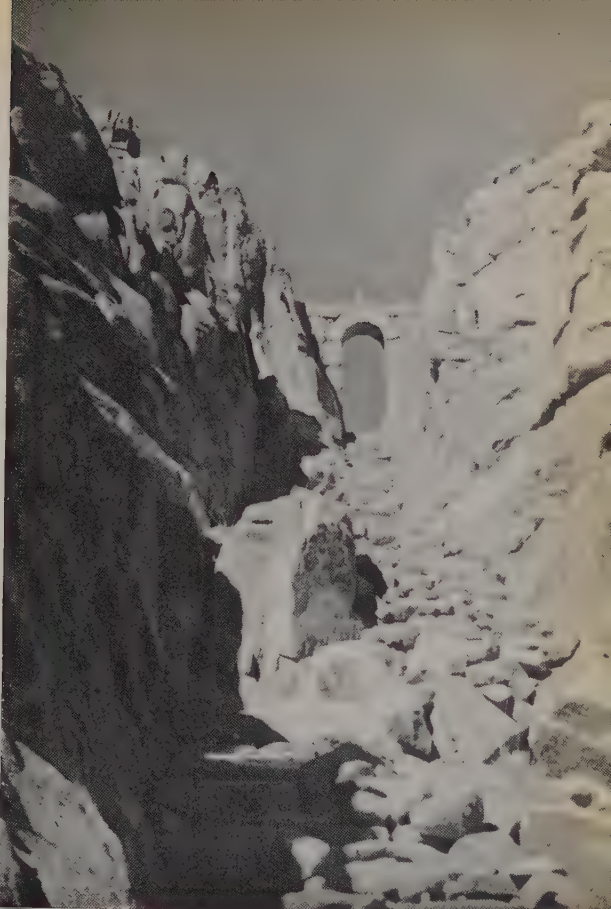
And we listened duly, and drank duly, at the fountain there, and continued the climb. Before long we came to the first snow lying in the gullies. There were footsteps in the snow, and I asked Dmitri if anyone had been up the Mountain yesterday. They were his own footsteps, he said, and he had not been up the mountain for sixteen days.

He turned and bade us look at his convent, with a rather touching pride, as if he himself had placed it there. And indeed, we had never seen it more majestic, with its golden bastions and buttresses and the flaming roof of the red-tiled guest-house perched on the battlements. The sun glanced on the blue-painted galvanized



*'Beyond the gully, the most imposing section of the stairway rises, like the ladder of Jacob's dream. It is spanned on the skyline by an archway thrown between the cliffs'*

Golding



Lewis Golding

*'On our right hand the cliff withdrew; a narrow gorge split it from crown to heel; its rear wall was carved into five hundred stairs. We turned in and the ascent began'*

iron of the basilica roof so that it shone like a panel of Galilee.

We continued. A stream came down the gully towards us, in and out among gigantic boulders. Beyond the gully, the most imposing section of the stairway rises, like the ladder of Jacob's dream. It is spanned on the skyline by an archway thrown between the cliffs. It was here the monk Stephen took up his place to hear confessions, said Dmitri, for no pilgrim could go higher if he were not in a state of grace. The books are wrong, he said sternly. He was not a saint. He was only a beatific. You remember him at the entrance into the crypt? We remembered him. It is also said of Stephen, Dmitri continued, that he deemed it an especial grace, when Jews sought to reach the mountain-top where their great Prophet had received the Law, to baptize them without more ado in the stream below the stairway, so that they might be in the state

to continue their journey. If they contumaciously refused baptism, they were turned back.

The ascent continued. But the next monument was of another order than its predecessors. A small thing, a false thing. Dmitri's lip curled as we approached it. He did not advance within twenty yards of it. He handed his duty as cicerone over to the Bedu, who took us to the magic imprint of Mohammed's camel, or Saleh's camel, as it is sometimes said to be. The Bedu placed his foot alongside of it, to show that the imprint was smaller than a human foot, which added to the marvel of it. For if it was the imprint of Mohammed's camel, it must have been on the occasion when the Archangel Gabriel raised Mohammed to heaven, and the four hooves of his camel were spread across all the earth, one at Sinai, another at Cairo, the third at Damascus, the fourth at Mecca.



Louis Golding

*'The Bedu . . . took us to the magic imprint of Mohammed's camel and placed his foot alongside of it, to show that the imprint was smaller than a human foot'*



We resumed the ascent. We were almost on the very summit. They will sometimes tell you, said Dmitri, that on a clear day it is possible from the top there to see all those places, Cairo and Damascus and Mecca. But it is not true, said Dmitri. It is not true at all. These people are very ignorant, they will believe anything. He stopped. It was some fifty yards from the summit. Have I told you about the monk from the monastery who wanted to go for communion to Jerusalem? You have not, I said unhappily. The two others had reached the top of the Mountain many minutes ago. A sudden dreadful doubt seized me. Would I ever reach the top of this Mountain? Was it the right Mountain, after all? He was very holy, said Dmitri. His name is Basil. . . .

We went up. I was on the top of Mount Sinai. Everything had led up to it, everything would lead down and away from it. I looked round swiftly north, south, east and west. It was as magnificent as I hoped it would be, more magnificent. But something was missing, something was inadequate. It has taken me some time to work it out, if I have, in fact, succeeded. I was on the top of Mount Sinai. It was a topographical fact. Where else was I? Yet something was missing. . . .

The mountains. I turned my eyes to the mountains again. 'It seems as if an ocean of lava,' writes Disraeli, 'when its waves were literally running mountains high, had been suddenly commanded to stand still. These successive summits, with their peaks and pinnacles, enclose a series of valleys, in general stern and savage, yet some of which are not devoid of pastoral beauty. There may be found brooks of silver brightness, and occasionally groves of palms and gardens of dates, while the neighbouring heights command sublime landscapes, the opposing mountains of Asia and Afric, and the blue bosom of two seas.'

I recalled Disraeli's words as I looked round upon the mountains. What was



*Louis Golding*

*The peak of Gebel Musa, traditionally identified with the Holy Mountain where Moses received the Decalogue*

lacking? It was like a note struck slightly flat on an instrument, like something seen through a window just slightly blurred. It was not the truth of those mountains. I will not make words, I told myself, regarding the view from Gebel Musa. What can a writer do, even a Disraeli, with a sublime view from a mountain-top, one of the sublimest views of its kind. He can do exactly that. He can call it sublime. Or majestic. Or divine. Each epithet valueless in itself, and all valueless in combination. Or he can take himself grimly in hand. He can eschew superlatives. He can divide into their elements the aggregation of landscapes. But what will that tabulation be worth: here Ras Safsafah, three of its four peaks visible, here Gebel Tiniyeh, here the African ranges? Names, nothing more.

Because words, written or oral, can give, and have given, no true account of such a view as that from Gebel Musa, I found it even more beautiful than I had anticipated, though heaven knows what standard of more beauty and less beauty you can set up in your mind. But as I looked about enchanted from horizon to horizon, I found the enchantment slowly invaded by a dark thought. I had been right in my apprehensions; formless in my phantasies of the night before, they had taken a more definite shape fifty yards below the summit, while Dmitri was telling me his tale of the monk Basil. *Would I ever reach the top of the Mountain? Was it the right Mountain, after all?*

I found I had got to the top of Gebel Musa, a grand mountain commanding grand views, but not to the top of Mount Sinai.

For the Holy Mountain is a spiritual, not a physical, experience. Few men have ever reached the summit, and few will get there again. You may interpret how you choose the account of the supernal climate on the Mountain. 'And Mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.' But the ascent is hopeless if neither behind nor before your eyes the thunder crashes and the lightning flares. Perhaps it is only when the Mountain is veiled round with impenetrable cloud, that the Mountain begins to be visible at all.

\* \* \*

We were all three a little tired that evening; we did not linger over our supper, but went straight to bed. I think it likely that someone mentioned it was Friday evening as we turned in. Or it may have been the half-inch of candle burning by my bedside that put the thought of the Friday evening candles into my mind, the candles my mother used to light up for dinner in our Doomington kitchen years ago.

How brightly they gleamed, the sam-

ovar, the brass stool with its copper kettle, the brass tray with the silver beakers on! The table-cloth had a soft lustre like wax. I stretched my tired limbs out under the coverings, and raised my head from the pillow to blow out the candle.

But I let it fall again. It is forbidden on the Sabbath evening to blow out a candle. You must let it burn down to the socket. Besides, there was not one candle burning now, but six candles. I was not in bed now, but on my metal stool in the fender, close up against the oven. The dinner-things all cleared away, my mother sat in her corner of the horse-hair sofa, her small hands lying folded in her lap. My father sat at the table; behind him was the cupboard where the holy books were kept. He had a large dog-eared volume open before him.

"And so after many days," my father was saying, "the time had come to go up from the plain under Mount Sinai, for the way was long yet, and the perils were manifold. And it came to pass, as it is written in the passage, that the tabernacle was reared up. For you must know it was in no wise possible"—he lifted his head for a moment from the book, keeping his place with his finger—"it was in no wise possible for the host to set forth without the rearing up of the tabernacle. And he took and put the testimony in the ark, and set up the veil of the screen, and screened the ark of the testimony; as the Lord had commanded him. And that being well done, and the laving and the anointing and all due ceremonies, he commanded the companies to set themselves in their order of marching. And because they were such a multitude, and because the place of the encampment where the companies took their order was so vast, being twelve thousand cubits on each side, he went up for the last time upon the Mountain, that he might look down upon it."

"The Mountain?" I cried, from the metal stool where I sat. "What is the name of that Mountain, father?"





Louis Golding

*The view from Gebel Musa, of which Disraeli wrote: 'It seems as if an ocean of lava, when its waves were literally running mountains high, had been suddenly commanded to stand still'*

"Hush! hush!" whispered my mother and my sisters faintly. A slight strain constricted the atmosphere. It was not considered seemly for anyone, least of all one of the younger members of the family, to let his voice be heard when my father was reading from the books, and expounding them.

But he was in no unamiable mood that evening. "Let him ask! What was it you were asking, son?"

"I was asking the name of the Mountain? The one which Moses climbed to look down on the companies."

"It is called Horeb, or Mount Sinai, the Holy Mountain. Why do you ask, son?"

"Because I have been there! I, too, have climbed it!"

The smile faded from his eyes. He looked at me in silence for twenty seconds, then turned his head slowly back toward his book.

My mouth quivered. The tears started in my eyes. "Perhaps I did not, father! Perhaps I did not!"

He made no comment. No one made any comment. He took his handkerchief from the sleeve of his alpaca coat and dabbed his lips with it two or three times. Then he pulled the book towards him, and studied its crabbed lines for a minute or two, as if he were alone in the room. At length he spoke again.

"And the cloud covered the tent of the meeting, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of meeting, because the Lord abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.

"And that is why," explained my father, "Moses knew it was permitted him to go up on the Mountain." He looked carefully, as he spoke, away from the corner of the room where I was sitting. "The tent

was invisible in its glory, and Moses might not enter it. But all the companies were visible from high up on the Mountain there, grouped about their four standards, according to their four divisions, as the four archangels are grouped about the throne of the Lord; in front Gabriel, in the rear Raphael, to the left Uriel, to the right Michael. And in each of the four companies were three tribes, ranged as their ancestors, the twelve sons of Jacob, were ranged round their father's bier. And the twelve tribes had each his own ensign, fluttering over the tents of their families. The Prophet's eye kindled as he saw the wind take them, the blue flag of Judah, bearing the sign of the lion, for they were to be brave warriors; the black flag of Issachar, figured with the sun and moon, for they were to be astronomers, cunning in influences; the white flag of Zebulun, with a ship for token, for they were to be mariners, and carry gold for Solomon, and peacocks and ivory.

"So looking down upon the flags waving and the trumpets slung round the shoulders of the trumpeters and the swords girded upon the thighs of the warriors: 'It is a good sight to see!' sang the heart of Moses. And in that moment there was a move-

ment in the cloud above the ark, and the sun came through and shone upon the swords and the trumpets.

"The time is fulfilled!" the Prophet said. And he came down the Mountain and went to the van of the companies. And in an hour, or in a day, the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, and the children of Israel went onward, through all their journeys.

"All their journeys . . ." my father repeated. He had lost the thread. He was getting drowsy. "All their journeys . . ." he muttered into his beard. Then he found the thread again. "And in that cloud were the two letters, Yod and He, which together make up the most sacred of the Names. And as the cloud moved, the trumpeters blew their silver trumpets, the standards went forward; and the host went after the standards, and the four winds of heaven blew; and, as they blew, all the valleys were filled with the odours of myrrh and frankincense."

Slowly, one by one, the candles went out in the six brass candlesticks in the kitchen in Doomington. Then only one was left, in that tin candlestick in my high cold room in the Convent of Mount Sinai. Then that, too, went out.



# Loanda

by PATRICK BALFOUR

*Mr Balfour's reputation as a discriminating observer was established by his first travel-book, Grand Tour, and confirmed by his work as a war correspondent in Abyssinia. It will be further enhanced by the account, in his new book, Lords of the Equator, of his experiences in the course of a journey through the territories of Equatorial Africa, undertaken with the special object of studying conditions in the former German colonies. Loanda, a city of old Europe in Portuguese West Africa, was not the least surprising place that he encountered*

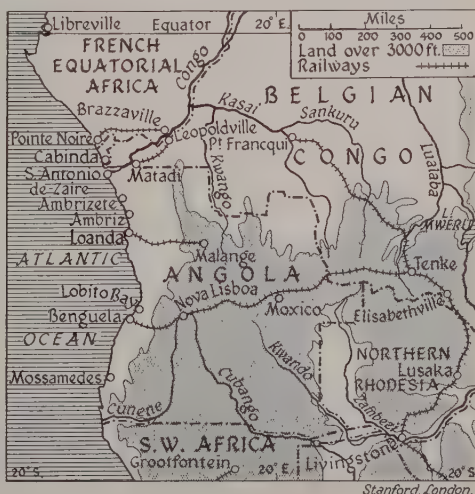
THE Portuguese have an imperial tradition of which they are justly proud. Its inspiration was Prince Henry the Navigator, who lived in the early part of the 15th century. The Portuguese obtained their first foothold in Africa at Ceuta, in 1415. Thence they sailed slowly down the west coast, establishing trading stations as they went. But it was not until 1484 that Diego Cao, a disciple of Prince Henry, discovered the mouth of the Congo. It was called the Zaire. The Angolese still call it by that name, and the small harbour of San Antonio de Zaire, at its mouth, perpetuates it.

It was not until nearly a hundred years later that the Portuguese proceeded south to found St Paul de Loanda, which is now the capital of Angola. At first they came as peaceful ambassadors to the native chiefs. But the chiefs proved to be savages who did not repay such treatment, and ultimately they established themselves on the mainland after joining battle with the native forces. Thus St Paul de Loanda was founded by Paulo de Novaes in 1576. Except for a period of seven years, when it fell into the hands of the Dutch, the Portuguese have held it ever since.

Their trade consisted largely of slaves, which were exported to Brazil. Their missionary priesthood, Franciscans, Capuchins, Jesuits, condoned the slave trade and even commended it because of 'their salvation who otherwise would have been destined to perdition'. Until as late as 1870 a marble chair still stood on the wharf at Loanda where a bishop blessed the slaves before they were consigned to the holds of the sailing-ships. The in-

terior of the country was hardly developed at all. Foodstuffs were still imported from Brazil. Gradually crops were introduced from the New World: beans, sweet potatoes, maize, wheat, ground-nuts and various fruits. But there was little attempt at their commercial exploitation before the middle of the 19th century.

Today the Portuguese no longer have a port on the Congo (for San Antonio de Zaire is no more than a fishing village). The Berlin Conference of 1885 decreed that the navigation of the river should be free to all nations and confined the Portuguese possessions to their present boundaries. Commercially Angola now orientates not to the Congo Basin but to the Atlantic, from the ports of Loanda and, particularly, Lobito, the terminus of the Benguela Railway, Sir Robert Williams' remarkable achievement. A certain amount of its trade, however, passes through Matadi, the



Stanford, London.



*All photographs by Patrick Balfour*

*An inadequate ferry near Ambrizete points a contrast between two systems: Portuguese administration produces excellent roads but poor bridges and ferries; British methods, usually the reverse*

Belgian port which lies a hundred miles up the Congo River.

It was from here that I crossed the frontier into Angola, in a jolting lorry with a miscellaneous cargo, chiefly of Japanese goods, destined for Loanda and driven by a Portuguese chauffeur. The road rose abruptly from the steam-heat of the Congo valley onto a vast plateau of scrubby bush. It was cooler here, and there was a refreshing drizzle. The road, like all the roads in Angola, was admirable. But like all roads which owe their upkeep largely to forced native labour, it lacked adequate bridges and ferries. We lost many hours on our journey, first in unloading the lorry because it was too heavy to cross a precarious bridge of logs, and later at a broken-down ferry in front of Ambrizete.

At an administrative post a Portuguese official entertained us to luncheon in his pyjamas, while his native wife and his half-caste children peered at us from the

verandah. His house was built of mud surrounded by a hibiscus hedge and a haphazard garden of cannas, roses and dahlias, while avenues of pineapples decorated the village. The food was good, if oily, and the meal was enlivened by records from 'Tosca' on a wheezy gramophone.

At Ambrizete, where a hot grey Atlantic pounded on a dusty beach, we were delayed for the best part of a day by Customs formalities. For we were now beyond the region of the Congo Basin Convention, where tariffs are limited by international agreement, and the Portuguese were entitled to impose their own import duties. They did so with a vengeance, particularly, my driver complained, on the Japanese goods. There were salt-works at Ambrizete, and a store belonging to the German firm of Woermann, Brock & Co., which has branches all over the colony. But it was a dead and featureless little place.



*When a bridge will not  
bear both a lorry and its  
load, the two must cross  
separately*



*The product of salt-pans  
at Ambrizete is of import-  
ance in trade with the  
interior*



Ambriz, which we reached before dark, had certain architectural pretensions: a classical church tower with its steeple somewhat askew, clean grey houses, weather-boarded and plastered, which recalled the early 19th-century streets of Sierra Leone. They provided some foretaste of the oddly European atmosphere which was to greet me in Loanda.

European architecture as such, in tropical Africa, is virtually non-existent. Buildings range from the corrugated shacks of the early traders to the more pretentious bungalows and government buildings of modern Public Works' engineers. But Loanda is an exception, Mary Kingsley, in the 'nineties, described it as the only city in West Africa. The definition holds good today. For neither the French, the Belgians nor the British have subsequently succeeded in creating an African city of such charm and dignity as the Portuguese made of Loanda in the 19th century.

In style Loanda is European. From the window in my hotel I looked over red-tiled roofs to the towers of a cathedral which might have been in Portugal. At a café beneath the plane trees in the square I sat in a wicker armchair, sipped my porto and watched antiquated motor cars rattling over the cobbles. The streets were built in a simple classical style, and the houses were attractively washed in pink and grey and blue and beige. They may not have been comfortable, for their windows were of glass and the rooms had no verandahs to protect them from the heat. But at times, with a breeze coming in from the Atlantic, the climate of Loanda is not much hotter than that of Portugal in summer. In any case the Portuguese take kindly to the heat. In the capital of Angola they have re-created a Portuguese town in a tropical environment.

The Government offices are built in an imposing 18th-century style, with yellow baroque pediments on a background of chocolate stucco. They have an agree-

ably theatrical and Ruritanian air, which is emphasized by the white gold-braided uniforms of the officials. The hospital, which must be one of the oldest in Equatorial Africa, was built as a convent at the beginning of the 19th century, and has a massive Doric portico. Everywhere there are well-planned gardens, piazzas with classical statues, avenues of trees which ascend the steep cobbled streets. The earth is a rich red ochre and the red tiles of the roofs reflect its colour.

The European colonization of Africa is so recent a growth that architectural evidence of the past is a rarity. Loanda, however, side by side with its neat 19th-century buildings, has relics of earlier centuries. Foremost among them is the citadel, a massive fortress of lime-washed stone, built in 1569 upon a rock which commands the lagoon. Its construction, in the face of continuous hostility from the native tribes, must have been a tremendous task, for its stone bastions, today filled in with attractive gardens, are as thick and impregnable as those of any Norman castle. A small Portuguese force held this fortress for years until the native tribes were slowly driven inland by a series of indomitable sallies and Portugal could claim mastery of the coast. Today the citadel is a prison. Convicts are sent there from Portugal itself and from other Portuguese colonies, European and African prisoners share the same dormitories and are treated alike. All wear convict uniforms of patchwork dungarees, with straw boaters. Their treatment is not hard. Their relatives in the town have access to them. Some even lodge in the town; others are employed there. As a measure of economy many Portuguese officials engage their servants from among the ranks of the convicts. But as they must be back under lock and key by seven o'clock, the dinner is apt to be cold.

At the opposite end of the lagoon is a second fort, which dates from the 17th century and is now occupied by native





*Buildings of the 19th century at Ambriz perpetuate the architectural tradition established at such an early date in Loanda itself*

troops. Near by is a church which was built in 1664 and contains some contemporary blue-and-white faience, Dutch in influence. One design represents the Battle of Ampouila, where tradition relates 600 Portuguese and 6000 natives held the King of the Congo at bay with 100,000 of his men. The King was finally captured, his head was cut off and still lies buried in the church. Not long ago a band of natives broke into the church in an attempt to steal it. They demolished a wall of the faience, but failed to find the head. The tiles were replaced higgledy-piggledy, without regard to the design, and give an oddly Surrealist effect.

In the central piazza is the baroque façade of another, slightly later, church.

The earliest church of all, which is also the earliest south of the Equator, is a small Jesuit chapel among tamarind trees on a sandy spit between the lagoon and the Atlantic. It dates from 1569 and represents the first Portuguese foothold in Loanda.

Concrete as such evidence is, however, Christianity under the Jesuits never acquired deep roots among the native population. They could boast of a native bishop on the Congo in the 16th century. They founded a training-college for priests at San Salvador in 1619. But in the 18th century they fell out with the traders and their missions were dissolved. When an Englishman, Captain Tuckey, visited Angola in 1816 he found no trace of



*The citadel of Loanda, seen from a sandy spit which marks the seaward boundary of the lagoon that sheltered the Portuguese pioneers. Here a small Portuguese force held out, from 1569 onwards, against many native attacks*

*From the solid stone ramparts of the citadel the view extends far southwards along the coast of the lagoon, over well-planned ornamental gardens and tree-lined cobbled streets*



*Contemporary with the citadel is a chapel on the sandy spit mentioned above—the earliest Christian church south of the Equator. The tamarind trees, brought from India for medicinal purposes, are characteristic of early missions*



*The main Government offices, 'built in an imposing 18th-century style'. The statue in the centre of the courtyard is that of Salvador Correia, who recaptured Loanda after the brief Dutch occupation in the 17th century*



*Native troops, with a Portuguese officer, in the ornate doorway of a second fort constructed in the 17th century at the opposite end of the lagoon from the citadel*

*The hospital, built as a convent, was probably unique in Equatorial Africa when converted to secular use some fifty years ago. It is now being modernized and re-equipped. White and coloured patients share the spacious wards*





*Loanda embraces examples of many ecclesiastical styles, from 17th-century structures, one of which contains some blue-and-white faience—*



*—to the modern Cathedral, surrounded with red-tiled roofs which heighten the strangely European atmosphere of the whole city: 'a Portuguese town in a tropical environment'*



*Plaster in seven or eight different tints has been used to pleasing effect, varying between the purplish tone of a 17th-century clock-tower—*



*—and the deep chocolate background against which the yellow baroque pediments and balconies of the main Government building stand out in bold relief*

*The Portuguese administration of Angola maintains a gunboat and a few launches; and membership of their crews affords to natives an opportunity of acquiring mechanical skill*



*There are also a few thousand native troops, sturdy, well fed and housed. The ration being issued to this group is a kind of porridge made of manioc root*



Christianity beyond a few crosses which the natives regarded as fetishes, and Dr Livingstone's experience, forty years later, was similar.

Loanda is Portugal. But it fuses into Africa. Black and white exist on the same footing. They go to school together, to hospital together, to prison together. They intermarry to such an extent that it becomes hard to tell black from white. Black children, white children, half-caste children play together in the streets. Black men with Portuguese features, white men with negroid features, drink together in the wine shops. The European population of Angola is sixty thousand, a figure far in excess of any other tropical African

colony. The half-caste population is twenty thousand. The majority of the Europeans are born and bred in the country, which they regard as their home. Many have never seen and are never likely to see Portugal. Intermarriage, therefore, becomes inevitable, and the Portuguese hobnobs with the native as with another European.

He lives on the cultivation of oil palms, coffee, cocoa, ground-nuts and other such crops which flourish in Angola's rich uplands. Agricultural development in the colonies has been stimulated, as the public services have been improved, by Salazar's dictatorship in the mother-country. He has reawakened in his people the pride



*There is no colour bar in Angola: assured of her domestic and social status, the native wife of a Portuguese administrator surveys the compound of her house*





*Mine host of Cabinda (centre), proprietor of a spotless establishment which boasts a refrigerator*

of colonial possession. Attractive propagandist posters illustrate how imports, exports, industry, agriculture, communications, medical services, education, population have increased within the last ten years. Salazar's colonial effort is considerable.

Yet Angola remains relatively poor. It groans under a debt of £8,000,000. Portugal has insufficient capital to develop her colony as it could be developed, and she is afraid to admit foreign investors for fear of their ulterior political ambitions. Germany, it is said, has more than once

made an offer for the colony. Be that as it may, the five hundred Germans who are settled there could hardly cause more alarm to the Portuguese if they numbered five thousand.

Portugal is acutely aware of her impotence in face of the European giants. Hence she closes her Angolese doors as tight as possible. Drastic exchange restrictions, heavy import duties on luxury goods, discourage foreign settlement and trade. Foreign capital, on any appreciable scale, is confined to the Benguela Railway and the port of Lobito in the south. Trade, in so far as it flourishes, is largely confined to the mother-country. Angola may be poor, but at least she may be self-supporting. She is content to remain poor as long as she can remain Portuguese.

I returned into French Equatorial Africa through Cabinda, a Portuguese enclave in French and Belgian territory. Its principal town has an old colonial air about its wood-fronted houses and its avenues of gnarled and aged mango trees. A store-keeper gave me a bed and some fresh prawn patties for dinner. Afterwards, as we drank our porto, the local worthies rhapsodized over Cabinda's wealth and beauty. There was fine timber and fine cocoa. They showed me specimens of both.

"Then you are rich," I suggested.

They laughed heartily at that. No, they were not rich. They would never be rich. Portugal had no money to develop Cabinda. The Portuguese were old colonials, great colonials. Today they were poor.

They worked when they felt like it, they had enough to eat and drink, it was years since they had returned to Portugal.

"We are poor," they said, "but what does it matter? We are gay. *Le Português est gai.*"

We drank to the gaiety of Cabinda.



# PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES

Edited by F. S. Smythe

## 9. COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY (2)

COLOUR photography is in the news. The phrase 'coloured snaps at last' has appeared frequently in the press, and there is much talk by wisecracks on the virtues and shortcomings of the 'additive' and 'subtractive' processes of colour photography. In these and subsequent notes we give the facts.

Up to date there are no such thing as 'coloured snapshots'. No process has yet been invented which can produce coloured photographs on sensitized paper at a cheap rate. The only 'coloured snapshots' available to the public today are

coloured positive transparencies which can be viewed either by holding them up to the light or by projection. This type of colour photography has naturally been most successful in its appeal to the users of ciné-cameras.

From the commercial point of view it is essential that the complications of any photographic process shall be kept strictly to the laboratory, thus relieving the photographer himself of all responsibility, save for the taking of the picture. The ideal colour process, therefore, is one which can be used in some ordinary kind of camera without filters or extra gadgets; which will make pictures under the same conditions as black-and-white film, and which can be projected by means of an ordinary type ciné or lantern-slide projector.

Three colour processes at present on the market for amateurs can be said to achieve this ideal. Of these one, the Kodachrome process, is described below, so that it may be taken as a basis for a comparison of the three processes in a subsequent article.

In the film of the Kodachrome process the partition of light into the three components (red, green and blue-violet) is accomplished by means of three light-sensitive layers separated from each other within the depth of the

film. The film is coated no less than five times. Nearest the celluloid base there is an emulsion which is sensitive to the red rays, overcoated with a separating layer of dyed gelatine which acts as a filter. Above this layer of gelatine is the green-sensitive emul-

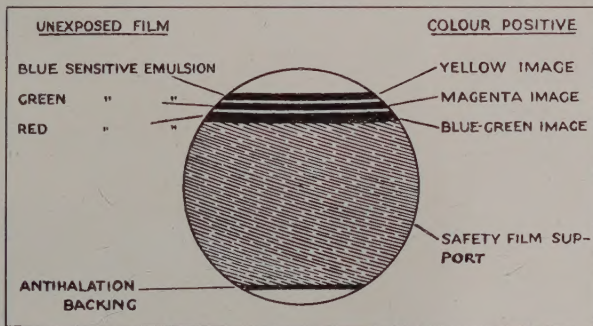
sion, which itself is covered with a further layer of gelatine dividing it from the top blue-sensitive emulsion, finally covered by gelatine containing a yellow dye.

These five coatings on the film are so thin that the total thickness, including film base, anti-halation backing, three sets of

emulsion and three gelatine filters is no more than that of ordinary black-and-white film.

The three superimposed layers, each sensitive to one of the three primary colours (red, green and blue-violet) automatically bring about colour separation when an exposure is made. A special reversal process, with the aid of 'dye-coupled developers', converts the three layers of colour-sensitive silver-salt emulsions into three complementary-colour 'dye-layers' completely free of metallic silver (grain). The yellow-dye image occupies the position of the blue-sensitive emulsion; the magenta-dye image that of the green-sensitive emulsion, while the blue-green image is in place of the red-sensitive emulsion nearest to the base. These three images being superimposed give an accurate and natural colour picture in the form of a positive transparency.

Although this may sound fairly simple, in fact the processing sequence is extremely complicated. The film has to be treated in three separate machines, each one dealing with a different colour layer. Practical factory experience has shown, however, that the whole process can be carried out with as much accuracy and certainty as the developing and printing of ordinary black-and-white film.



*Diagrammatic illustration of a cross-section of Kodachrome film, highly magnified*





*Johan Van Riebeeck's Statue, Cape Town,  
with Table Mountain in the background*

Contemporary history is casting rather a shadow on the gaiety of the recognised European resorts. Those faced with the problem of where else to go to escape the prospect of the wet Winter forecast might well break new ground by visiting South Africa.

A trip there need not make excessive demands on time or pocket ; and when you return Winter will be a happy memory of warmth and new experiences.

Descriptive brochures and other particulars may be obtained from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.